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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

THE elections for the Union Parliament of South Africa have yielded some surprises. The Unionist Party has won most of the town centres, and has secured seats for nearly all its leaders, while General Botha and his Treasurer have been defeated in East Pretoria and Georgetown. Most of the leading politicals among the Rand magnates and their friends—Sir George Farrar, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Percy Fitzpatrick, Mr. Lionel Phillips—have also secured seats, while Mr. Langerman represents the Robinson group. Mr. Cresswell has won a seat for Labor in Jeppe, and two good and moderate members of the Unionist Party have been elected in Mr. Duncan and Mr. Quinn. Dr. Jameson has been easily returned for the Harbor Division of Capetown. The Labor Party has had one or two successes, the most notable being the election of Mr. Sampson for a central district of Johannesburg. The town districts are predominantly Unionist, the Nationalists holding the rural constituencies. The "Times" calculates that the final result will be sixty-four Nationalists or Ministerialists, forty Unionists—the regular Opposition—twelve Natal Independents, one Independent, and four members of the Labor Party. General Botha will probably return to his old constituency, Standerton.

THE "Morning Post," which usually finds ideas for the Tory Party and also leans a good deal to Colonial politics, has made an important declaration against the reversal of the Osborne Judgment, but in favor of the payment of Members. As the "Standard" takes the same point of view, it may be guessed that the Protectionist wing will add payment of Members to freehold land-

ownership as a plank of the Tory electioneering programme. The "Post" argues the case on the general ground that unpaid membership narrows the choice of the electors, that the use of Party funds and private patronage is "not wholly desirable," and that the Unionist Party ought to help each class in the community to a full share in the working out of political problems. It, therefore, calls for a "bold and authoritative" declaration of Unionist policy in favor of this reform.

WE hope that such a declaration will be made, for, in that case, payment of Members could be carried by general consent either this Session by the Liberal Government, or next Session by whatever Government may be in power. Probably this is the immediate aim of trade unionism, which can hardly do otherwise than echo Mr. Henderson's appeal to the Government at the Trade Union Congress: "Give us what you have for years promised us." This clears the ground for the moment. But trade unionism will never rest till it has regained its full political rights. And we are convinced that this end can be attained by means somewhat short of an absolute reversal of the Osborne Judgment.

MEANWHILE, the procedure of the Trade Union Congress supplies a pretty plain lead to Labor politics. With one or two inevitable exceptions, its tone has been fairly moderate, and suggests a great force of level-minded statesmanship in the trade union world. But the votes and resolutions point to a new confrontation of labor if the Osborne Judgment holds. At Tuesday's meeting Mr. Tillett, usually an extremist, proposed that the Congress should consult the unions as to the formation of a national federation of all trades and the possibility of "determining all industrial agreements on a given date for each year." This motion, which points to the dangerous weapon of the general strike, was carried on a card vote by 1,550,000 to 445,000.

ON Thursday the Congress revealed to the full the anxieties and fears which underlay its earlier treatment of the subject. The first and rather colorless resolution hastily adopted by the Executive was withdrawn, and a long reasoned attack on the Osborne Judgment substituted. The resolution claimed that the political rights of trades unionism should be "at once" restored, decided to make it a test question for elections, and called on the organisations to bring "all possible pressure" to bear on the Government to pass the Labor Party's enabling Bill. The ballot was practically unanimous, the 13,000 hostile votes merely representing the vote of a single member of the Congress without instructions from his society. A resolution hostile to Labor Exchanges was also carried, after a brief and flimsy debate, whose tone was deprecated by Mr. Shackleton. More serious was the definite decision of the representatives of the miners—both of South Wales and of the Federation—to disregard the judgment and continue to levy their unions in defiance of the new interpretation of the law. On the whole, it is probable

that prudent statesmanship will keep a good grip of the situation, but a period of great tension, and possible tumult, may be approaching, in which the Government will be the only effective relieving force.

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THE trouble in the shipbuilding trade seems to be shaping slowly towards peace. The ballot of the members of the Boilermakers' Society does not indeed point to an early end of the lock-out. Only about 15,000 out of 50,000 members voted, but a majority of nearly 5,000 balloters declined to give their Executive powers of settlement, while a smaller majority declared in favor of a representative meeting of the society. This decision, though it temporarily paralyses the Executive, and must prolong the lock-out for another week or so, probably means a thorough thrashing out of the many small grievances which have rolled up into this big revolt—a most desirable end. Meanwhile, the Joint Committee of Trade Unions which managed the national agreement have approached the shipowners with a request for a conference, and have had a favorable reply. This, again, leaves the Boilermakers out of account. Without them, and a thorough tackling of the men's case, peace is impossible. As neither side wants a long stoppage, the masters will probably secure temporary terms of peace. But for permanent settlement some measure of home rule in local disputes is necessary.—The dispute in the cotton trade now extends to two Oldham mills instead of one, but here both sides are definitely for peace, and will probably accept the offices of the Lord Mayor of Manchester as mediator.

* * *

ON Wednesday the Chancellor of the Exchequer met in peaceful argument some leading representatives—land-agents, valuers, and lawyers—of the landed interest, and apparently relieved most of their terrors concerning Form IV. The experts stated their grievance very mildly, and Mr. George made two concessions to them. He promised to make clearer the existing landowner's option of sending his return to the district valuer or superintendent, rather than to a possible local trade rival; and allowed a man owning a hundred cottages to fill up one form and deal with the rest in a schedule. He also showed the general success of the new instrument of taxation. A million and a half of returns for small owners had, he said, been sent in, while extensions of time were being freely granted to the larger properties.

* * *

HAVING skilfully divided the landowners into a large flock of sheep and a very small flock of highly vocal and recalcitrant goats, Mr. George made the natural and slightly caustic comment that some owners seemed to know very little about their own property, and one rather grim joke, which has greatly distressed the "Times." Towards the close of the Conference the President of the Auctioneers' Institution admitted that many points had been cleared up, and the whole matter rendered less difficult than before. On the following morning the grand remonstrance of the Unionist Press was reduced to silence or semi-articulate mumblings. The seditious side of the Land Union movement, however, remains, and Mr. Balfour has encouraged it in a loosely worded telegram praising its "admirable" Guide. But Mr. Balfour has a fellow-feeling for inaccuracy.

* * *

THE two "barometric" States of the Union have now given decided indications of democratic successes

in the coming State elections. Vermont and Maine are both almost impregnable Republican strongholds. Vermont remains indeed Republican, though with a feeble majority. Maine, for the first time since 1880, has "gone Democratic," and by a handsome majority. The prophets predict that what has happened in these two States must be repeated on a still larger scale throughout the Union, when the States which hold their elections a few weeks later have polled. Some local issues are said to have been at work, and Maine is particularly anxious for full reciprocity with Canada. But as that is one of Mr. Taft's "policies," and a reciprocity treaty has been virtually promised as the logical outcome of the late conflict, the reason alleged for special local dissatisfaction is not at first sight convincing. The obvious reading of the polls is simply that the Payne tariff is everywhere detested, that the "Old Guard" of the Republican Party retains no popular following among men who are outside the party machine, and that the struggle within the Republican ranks is producing its natural results to the advantage of the Democrats.

* * *

MEANWHILE, in New York, the "primaries" within the party held to elect the Republican standard-bearers have registered an overwhelming "insurgent" success. Brooklyn is staunch to the "Old Guard," but the general result shows 223 insurgents against 141 of orthodox party men. At this rate the insurgents ought soon to be in full possession of the party machine. The change, one imagines, will come too late to restore unity and give a progressive tinge to the party in time for the State elections. But it may create a situation in the Presidential elections which will no longer be favorable to a Democratic victory. But the real difficulty for the foreign observer is to understand how a man with Mr. Roosevelt's record, and a policy so wordy and nebulous, can really appeal to a vigorous progressive movement that seems to be determined to make an end of high tariffs and to fight the Trust. Mr. Roosevelt began his political career as a decided Free Trader, but he paid for his nomination as President, filled his campaign funds by ridiculing the idea that any change in the tariff could help to solve the Trust problem, and hailed High Protection as "the chief agency in wide and even distribution of wealth among all classes of our countrymen." He has no proposal now save revision by an "honest" Commission schedule by schedule.

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It seems impossible, in the absence of any opportunity for Parliamentary questions, either here or in France, to ascertain what has happened in Savarkar's case. After his recapture at Marseilles he was taken to Bombay. He is now being tried at Nasik for sedition and incitement to murder, as though no diplomatic complication existed. "L'Humanité" is disturbed, and is writing strongly on the case; but we do not gather that it is really informed as to the course of events. Yet the French Government did protest, and is believed to have demanded Savarkar's return to France. If the demand was pressed, we do not see how it could be refused. A political prisoner sought and found refuge on the soil of France. He was re-arrested under the mistaken impression that he was a thief caught in the act of escape by a French gendarme. Morally he had won the right of asylum. It is creditable neither to our regard for the tradition of liberty nor to French sensitiveness for a once cherished tradition, that a protest so clearly resting on right can be ignored by a friendly

Government. It is obviously our duty, if we retain any regard for the right of asylum, to restore Savarkar to France.

* * *

THE selection of Lord Rosebery as the head of the special mission to announce the King's accession to the Austrian Court has naturally excited much interest in Vienna. The choice of so distinguished an Ambassador is officially explained as a personal attention from a young King to the doyen of European monarchs. It may not have meant much more than this. But obviously and properly it was also designed to remove the soreness which followed the Bosnian controversy. One is inclined to call it at first sight a very happy inspiration. But certain Viennese newspapers, which are more German than Austrian, have chosen to see in this exceptional courtesy to Austria some slight reminder of the old policy that led to the suspicions of "penning in." Why, asked these newspapers, discriminate so markedly between the Austrian Court (to which an Ex-Premier was sent exclusively) and the German Court (to which Lord Roberts went in the course of a round of visits)? The commentary is ill-natured and exaggerated. Yet it reminds us that an opportunity has been missed. If Lord Rosebery could have gone to Berlin, the new reign would have opened with an attention which could not have been misunderstood, and must have been well-received.

* * *

LORD CURZON, tactfully seizing the occasion of the coming of age of Lord Newton's eldest son, put in a fervid plea on Wednesday for the House of Lords. He thought that the land-owning classes in this country had "for many centuries" exhibited an "unequalled" "sense of responsibility" and "spirit of duty"; that they were the envy of other nations; that if they disappeared the country houses would go to millionaires, or be turned into museums; that there would be "no great parks," no eldest sons, no landlords, no tenants, only squatters sitting like storks on little nest-plots. On the whole he was inclined to think that none of these things would happen, for the landowners would "keep the flag flying and play the game." Perhaps it is fortunate for Lord Curzon that he stopped here and omitted to claim for the landlords their "unequalled" readiness to "pay the piper." For then our old friend, "the Voice," might have called out "Dreadnoughts." Or perhaps there is no "Voice" among Lord Newton's tenantry.

* * *

THE general movement against the high prices of food continues both in France and Germany. In France the Confederation of Labor, the famous C.G.T. has issued a manifesto, in which, after proving (on the lines of our Board of Trade inquiry) that the wages of the working-class are higher, hours shorter, and prices lower in England than they are in France, it goes on to attribute the high prices of necessities, and more especially of sugar and corn, to speculation within the tariff wall. In Germany the controversy turns chiefly on the price of meat. While beef has risen since the New Tariff from 61s. to 69s. (first quality) per quarter, and 47s. to 58s. (second quality), the corresponding prices in this country were 53s. to 55s., and 48s. to 50s. A deputation of butchers which went to demand the free entry of cattle and fodder, received a chilling answer from Herr von Schorlemer, the Minister of Agriculture. It was a variant of Marie Antoinette's formula, "Why don't they eat pork?" For pork, it seems, is relatively

abundant, though it also has risen (from 49s. to 68s.). But the Minister held out hopes that he may relax the conditions under which dead meat is imported. There has been, according to the "Berliner Tageblatt," a decrease in the consumption of meat of all kinds per head of the population in Dresden and Munich, of 19 and 25 per cent. respectively. The vegetarian might rejoice, but unluckily the prices of grain and potatoes have been quite as seriously affected.

* * *

LIEUTENANT HELM, the supposed German spy at Portsmouth, was charged at Fareham Police Court on Thursday with violating the Official Secrets Act by taking sketches and plans of fortresses in order to communicate them to a foreign Power. The charge, which is one of felony, was gravely and elaborately outlined by Mr. Bodkin, on behalf of the Director of Public Prosecutions. Lieutenant Helm's notebooks were said to contain notes of guns, positions and storing places such as an engineer officer would use. Generally they were of a rough character. Some curious evidence was given by the young woman whose acquaintance he had made through another lieutenant in the German Army. When he was arrested the defendant said that his drawings were for his own study alone. The German Press is generally reticent concerning the case of the British officers arrested at Borkum, but it is said that some local Germans have been taken into custody or are "wanted" by the police.

* * *

LORD ESHER contributes a very interesting article to the "Deutsche Revue," containing some statements as to the late King's view of Anglo-German relations, which should do something to improve them. Lord Esher says sensibly that King Edward followed his mother's example in supporting, but never initiating, foreign policy which he had reason to think was "national." He was brought up by both parents to believe in the value of German unification under Prussian leadership, and our "absurd Press campaigns" against Germany "saddened and annoyed" him. Also, when Mr. Norman Angell's interesting book, "Europe's Optical Illusion," was brought to his notice, he instinctively accepted its thesis that war between Germany and Great Britain was "midsummer madness." But he also thought the hope of a limitation of armaments to be "visionary," and never could understand how he could have been thought to have proposed it to the German Emperor.

* * *

ON the other hand, we see that Lord Esher affirms that the two Sovereigns were personally on excellent terms, and he adds that last January the King wrote warmly to the Emperor on his birthday, hoping that Germany and England would always work together in the interests of European peace. Apparently this letter was the cause of an answering speech from the Kaiser, which was much misunderstood. Lord Esher's final suggestion is that we should not try to extend the French *entente* to Germany, but that a Franco-German-English League should be formed to guarantee the *status quo* in Northern and Central Europe. As far as the smaller Northern European States are concerned, this end is practically achieved; the difficulty, we imagine, would arise if France were asked to sign an instrument affixing the *status quo* to Alsace-Lorraine. But the suggestion is an interesting one, and it has been well received in Germany.

Politics and Affairs.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN PARLIAMENT.

THE elections to the first Parliament of South Africa reveal no new feature in the political life of the sub-continent, though they have shown that those were in error who prophesied a rather marked divergence from the accustomed type. South Africa as a White Man's Federation presents no marked divergence from South Africa as a group of British Colonies and Dutch States, save that which the great mining industry has introduced. The two races divide the sovereignty between them, the towns going to the British and industrial element, the vast intervening spaces of tableland and mountain to the race of farmers which largely won them from the Kaffirs. The representatives of the second element will be strong enough in the Union Parliament to maintain General Botha's Ministry in power. But its chief and one of his colleagues will have to seek fresh constituencies, and its majority against an improbable coalition of Natalians, Labor men, and independents will not be large. One of these forces, the newly formed Labor Party, is a probable ally, on some, though not all, of the questions which confront the new Parliament, and its presence qualifies the general control of the urban districts by the newly-named Unionist Party. Otherwise, it holds the field. Capetown, East London, Port Elizabeth, Durban, Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, and its outlying townships, and even Pretoria, have all gone Unionist. The two capitals of the old Dutch Republics, Bloemfontein and Pretoria, have shared the general Anglicising tendency of the last thirty years, and the balance of voters just turns the scale in favor of the Opposition. But the political composition of the veld changes no more than the colors and forms that Nature affixed to it. Outside Natal, and the wide but thinly populated sea-board, only the great mining camps and the seats of Government return Unionists. The Nationalists and the country party hold the rest of South Africa, and also supply the more trained and accomplished force of statesmanship. The leaven of Dutch representation in the northern towns, which the elections under responsible government revealed, has for a time disappeared. That is all the change.

The personal events which illustrate this general and not at all surprising political result are interesting, and in one respect to be regretted. General Botha has been defeated in East Pretoria by Sir Percy FitzPatrick, long identified with the great mining houses, and with the more extreme form of Unionist politics. General Botha was the attacking party, so that the Nationalists lose no seat through his defeat, but it was advisable that the Prime Minister of a Federal Ministry for South Africa should sit for the old Dutch capital rather than for a small country town. An able leader of the Unionists and of the capitalists of the Rand, Sir George Farrar, has defeated Mr. Hull, the Treasurer in the Union Government, at Georgetown, and two other conspicuous Rand magnates, Mr. Lionel Phillips and Mr. Chaplin, have also been elected, while the Robinson group, represented by Mr. Langerman, chooses to range itself with

the Nationalists. On the other hand, some independent or semi-independent forces and personalities have appeared. The white workmen on the Rand have properly shown their gratitude to Mr. Creswell by electing him for Jeppe, while Mr. Duncan, the ablest and most moderate representative of the class of British officials introduced by Lord Milner, finds a solitary place in the Parliament built on the ruins of Lord Milner's policy.

On the whole, it is not to be regretted that the Botha Ministry will be faced by an Opposition rather stronger in numbers than was anticipated. The result of a fairly close balance of power in the Union Parliament is, indeed, difficult to forecast. The Natal members will possess a considerable force, and when the question of the Protectorates and the native franchise comes up, a Parliament constituted on the color bar will exhibit a preponderance of opinion hostile to any advance, and probably willing to take a backward step. But here we must hope and expect that the danger of meddling with the color franchise in the Cape, or unsettling Basutoland, will act as a drag on reactionary views. Not that one white race is closer to British opinion on native and colored questions than the other. Both were parties to the fixing of the color bar in the Union Act. But the administration of the Protectorates has not been placed under the Union Parliament at all; it has been reserved to the Prime Minister and a Commission. So long as a man of General Botha's cautious temper and moderate views holds that position, we need not anticipate a policy that will fiercely agitate the greatest of the unsettled controversies of South Africa. Nor need we look for a high Protectionist policy. South Africa has never taken Protection in the more extreme Canadian and Australian forms, and, on the whole, the powerful industrial interest, whose chronic complaint is high prices and high railway rates, tends to keep her in the temperate zone of tariffs. Nor is the half-raised racial issue likely seriously to embitter the life of the first Union Parliament, though it has given a certain harshness to the later phases of the election. The astounding feature of South African politics is not that there is so much racial feeling, but that so little of it exists in the midst of so exciting an event in the political life of the sub-continent as the election of its first Parliament. The cause of this warmth is mainly the Hertzog Education Act of 1908 for the Orange Free State, which outside Bloemfontein is still mainly Dutch. But the meaning and the effect of the Hertzog Act have been greatly exaggerated. It inflicts nothing more serious than the bi-lingual teaching, which, as Mr. Lloyd George said at the National Eisteddfod, has given Wales a rich stream of culture flowing from the best elements of two languages. The same general conditions apply to South Africa. No one who realises what life on the veld means will expect the Taal, the unlettered Dutch dialect, to die away, and, if so, Dutch is a necessary medium of instruction for the children of the older community. And no one believes that the Dutch race is blind to the practical advantages of the English tongue. Practically this is the basis of the Hertzog Act. Clause 14 provides for

"the equal treatment, as much as possible, of the English and Dutch languages." Up to Standard IV. English and Dutch are to be the sole and equal "mediums" of instruction. In practice, this means that each child is to be instructed through the language which it best speaks and understands, while the language which is not chosen is to be taught as the child's intelligence grows. The equality of teaching is to continue after Standard IV.—subject to the right of withdrawal by the parent. Such a scheme implies a bi-lingual staff of teachers and some displacement of the English monopoly in the towns. It could not well be applied to the industrial districts of the Transvaal. But the incident and the electoral use made of it is a small recrudescence of the flame of racial jealousy, once so wantonly kindled, and now smothered and hidden under the forms and powers of a free Parliament.

POLITICS OR ANARCHY FOR LABOR?

THE force and unanimity with which the Trade Union Congress have demanded legislation to restore the right of political action destroyed by the Osborne judgment can cause no surprise to any one familiar with the British temper and the essential facts of the industrial situation. Trade enters into local and national politics at every turn. Industrial legislation and administration require, for their efficiency in Parliament and in municipal bodies, the presence of representatives of the various industries, not merely to safeguard particular economic interests, but to contribute in due proportion towards the general economic policy of the State. Locality as the basis of representation by itself does not suffice in an age when occupation is often as powerful a bond of association as neighborhood. From the standpoint of capital, this representation is easily admitted, and adequately, or even excessively, secured. For though railway directors, bankers, brewers, shipowners, are not elected to Parliament explicitly in their commercial capacity, their presence and organised political action enable them to exercise a powerful influence upon all legislation affecting their interests. Whenever any issue comes up relating to railways, there are present representatives of railway capital, competent to argue the matter from the standpoint of the shareholders. Justice and expediency alike demand that there shall also be present on the floor of the same House representatives of labor, equally competent to state the interests of the railway workers. The same holds of every other special occupation. Now, while the pecuniary and social position of the capitalist in the great industries is such that he requires no trade organisation to promote his candidature and to bear his expenses of election and maintenance, this is notoriously not the case with labor. If it is desirable that a reasonable number of workers, representing the various great industries, shall sit in the House of Commons and upon local Councils, this result can only be attained by allowing the workers in their several trades to co-operate and subscribe towards a common fund.

Now trade unionism is the one existing available

instrument for such corporate action. During several decades the evolution of trade unionism has been in the direction of a larger and more consistent part in politics. So long as this meant co-operation with one of the two great political parties of the State, the right to spend trade union funds in politics was not challenged. But when an attempt was made to pursue the objects of trade unionism more persistently and more effectively by a separate political organisation of labor, the aid of the courts was evoked. With the law of the Osborne judgment we are not concerned. To denounce it as judge-made or partisan is really irrelevant. The high character of the judges and the clear tenor of their reasoning impressed us with the conviction that most of their legal deductions and interpretations were correct. But it is evidently open to Parliament to replace upon a strictly legal footing the liberties of political action which trade unions so long possessed unchallenged, making such conditions for the protection of minorities as may be necessary to prevent the use of their subscriptions for political purposes which they disapprove. Ought the Government to take this course, or how far can payment of members and of electoral expenses be considered a more desirable alternative? The firm refusal of trade unionists to admit the adequacy of this alternative seems at first sight a little strange. Would it not at once relieve their funds of a heavy drain and secure a sufficient representation of labor on a wider national basis than now obtains? But a little reflection enables us to understand their refusal to rely upon public payment. In the first place, such public provision would not cover the expenses of registration and electioneering, and the other various party costs. Unless trade unions were at liberty to furnish the subsidiary finance, they could neither ensure the candidature nor the election of members of their trade, nor could they command any ordinary party discipline. Political parties as we know them cannot exist without a common party fund.

Again, payment of members and electoral expenses is a necessary reform, and we may hope to see both parties helping to secure it. But it would not enable working-men to be elected to Parliament, or to other local bodies, unless a Labor Party, properly financed, existed to promote their candidature, and to secure their fidelity to party pledges. We candidly confess that this construction of party, and this use of party finance, lend themselves to grave abuse. The disciplinary use of party funds to curb the independence of candidates and members belongs to the seamiest side of modern politics. If the whole of the expenses connected with the working of our electoral institutions could be defrayed out of the public purse, a very valuable check would be imposed upon the excesses of a party system which tends to stifle the wholesome independence of elected persons. But even then we hold it would be necessary for labor in the several trades to use organised co-operation in public life. Now either this co-operation must be exercised through the existing trade unions, or new political bodies must be formed to take over the activities now legally precluded. The latter proposal is utterly impracticable. It follows that trade unions must insist upon the restoration of their

political functions, without which they are prevented from making any authoritative statement of the case for organised labor at a time when the political atmosphere literally reeks with industrial problems. The hesitancy of the Government to undertake a Bill correcting, if not reversing, the effect of the Osborne judgment is intelligible enough. But they would do well to overcome it. Should they refuse, this refusal will be quite plausibly represented as due less to reasoned convictions of public policy than to the desire to damage the prospects of a Labor Party whose rise and progress threaten them with formidable rivalry in the great centres of industry.

More important than this tactical consideration is the effect which a slamming of the political door would have just now upon the organisation and methods of Trade Unionism, already subjected, as we see, to very serious strains upon discipline. The growing participation of Labor leaders in national and local politics has familiarised them with the practical conduct of public business, and associated them with members of the business, professional, and official classes. It has thus indisputably contributed to public order and industrial peace. Preachers of industrial syndicalism and the methods of "the general strike" are trying to sow among the unions a distrust of politics and of legal instruments of social progress. That is not a time to refuse the unanimous request of the Labor leaders for permission to continue the orderly practice of politics.

RACE AND EMPIRE.

It is not likely that the first South African Parliament will raise the subject of the native franchise, save perhaps as an academic question. That is an issue that must slowly mature, and in regard to which a real cleavage of opinion between the two white parties may be slow to declare itself. It is otherwise with the Indian problem. It has reached already in the Transvaal ordinances a settlement which has all the appearance of finality, and as the numbers of the proscribed race go on diminishing by mass expulsions and detailed humiliations, the sense that there is a problem which calls for a better solution will soon disappear. The only hope that it may be re-opened rests on the effect of the drastic but well-deserved measure of retaliation which the Indian Government has adopted on the motion of Mr. Gokhale. The white merchants of the towns may be anxious to prevent the settlement of Indian traders whose industry and frugality make them formidable competitors. But the planters of Natal can ill dispense with the supply of cheap coolie labor which they have been in the habit of drawing from India. The decision of the Indian Government to prohibit the emigration of coolies to Natal must have one of two effects. It may set the Colonists once more upon the recurring search for fresh sources of supply for their semi-servile labor, or it may drive them to make terms with the Indian Government. If economic necessity should force them to negotiate, there ought to be little difficulty in reaching a settlement. The Indian community has never opposed an ordinance which would have the practical effect of con-

trolling the numbers of the Indians who enter. It is only to the form of an ordinance which makes race, or religion, or color the basis of the discrimination that they have objected. They would acquiesce in an ordinance which would admit a limited number of educated Indians, while freeing old residents from treatment more suited to criminals on ticket-of-leave. But it is not probable that such a settlement will be sought or found. The Colonists of Natal would probably prefer to import coolies who have a less vigilant Government behind them. But if such a settlement is ever reached, it will have been won by the firmness and unanimity of Indians themselves. It will owe nothing to any Liberalism in Colonial opinion, and nothing to the vigilance and authority of the Imperial Government. India may force a compromise for herself, but it will be by means which one foreign State might as effectively have used towards another. The Empire in all this affair has proved itself only a name which serves to accentuate a grievance. The central authority has broken down. The sense of fraternity is absent.

It is difficult for Englishmen to review the history of this affair without shame. To an Indian it brings a just indignation. Our policy has been a nice mixture of hypocrisy with feebleness. The vehement despatches are still on record in which Mr. Chamberlain assailed Mr. Kruger for a policy towards the Indians incomparably milder than that which the Colony has pursued. The cant phrase about the "equal rights of all civilised men south of the Zambesi" remains to keep fresh the memory of our insincerities. Nor is it possible for us to prefer all through this passage in Imperial politics the humiliating plea of impotence. It may be difficult to impose our views of the treatment due to "civilised" Indians who are British subjects upon a self-governing Colony. But the Unionist Government was equally remiss while the Transvaal was a Crown Colony. To the Indian mind there are only two possible explanations of our failure—that we will not act upon our principles, or that we cannot. The former alternative is as damaging to our good name as is the latter to our prestige. But, indeed, it is probably only a handful of travelled and experienced Indians who are capable at all of understanding that there can be a difficulty in imposing our will upon a Colony. The average Indian knows how little the fiction of autonomy disturbs us when we are dealing with a native ruler, and he is apt to suppose that we could do in Pretoria pretty much what we can do in Hyderabad. The explanation which he adopts is one which consorts with all his experience. He is accustomed in his daily life, in clubs, in streets, and, above all, in trains, to feel the stigma of inferiority which the commoner type of Anglo-Indian inflicts upon his race. He knows the tone of the Anglo-Indian press. What further explanation does he need? This brand which the Empire allows to be affixed to Indians in South Africa is, to his mind, an instance, a symbol, of the fundamental antagonism of the European to the Oriental. It is, indeed, a direct type of race-dominance which rules in the Transvaal. The sore rankles because it is so evident, and admits of only one diagnosis. Men may detect in every tone and sentence the note of condescension or contempt.

There are no two views among men who know India about the consequences of this affair. It unites Moslem and Hindoo, Moderate and Extremist. The Indian Government can but range itself with the Indian people in protest against a wrong for which the Empire can find no redress. Unfortunately, it raises the now always recurring issue of East against West. The Turks and the Japanese stand with the Indians on the same side of this racial line, and it is no longer a patient acceptance of inferiority that the juxta-position suggests. Is it among those minor evidences of a want of respect and consideration which a backward nation may resent, while consoling itself that its own efforts may in time suffice to remove them? The Japanese have won, the Turks hope to win, recognition of their own courts as tribunals to which a European litigant will submit. Is it also possible to hope that progress among the upper strata of Indian society, the advance towards internal self-government, will modify the racial prejudice with which the European colonist regards them? The question is one of great importance, for a race, when once the fact of its humiliation in the eyes of other races has eaten into its soul, is tempted to try to extort respect. English statesmen, when they review the whole set of facts that range from the recurring behavior of Europeans to natives in Indian railway trains up to this legal and collective stigma of the Transvaal ordinances, are wont to regret, to censure, to deplore, to plead for amendment. But Indians are not philosophic Radicals nor Mazzinian idealists, and it is not only a reasoned aspiration for democratic self-government, nor merely a positive patriotism, which governs the more extreme phases of Indian discontent. It is the bitter sensitiveness born of daily experience of contact with a ruling race that affects a superiority of species over species. Constitutions and nationality are but the formulæ in which subject races state to themselves their determination to get quit of such a status. It is for this reason, above every other, that our rule in India is slowly nearing a crisis. The opportunity which Lord Ripon would have seized was omitted, and there is danger lest the reforms of Lord Morley may come too late. But if they do not conciliate, the cause will largely lie in such episodes as this failure to redress an admitted wrong to Indians abroad. Our Empire in India is in peril, not because we have been too imperial, but because we are not imperial enough—because, in the pursuit of race ascendancy, we have not understood the only ideal which can make an Empire last. No Indian can say, as he obeys the mandate of expulsion from South Africa, *Civis Romanus sum*. He cannot say it because, in this matter, our Colonists lack at once the responsibility of Romans and the fraternity of citizens.

THE REPUBLICAN ROUT.

AN astounding, an almost incredible, disaster has befallen the Republican Party in the United States. For the first time in thirty years Maine has gone Democratic. One would almost as soon expect the City

of London to return a Radical to the House of Commons. A Democratic Governor, three Democratic Congressmen out of a total of four, a Democratic Legislature, which will proceed in due time to send a Democratic Senator to Washington—such are the results of last Tuesday's pollings in a State hitherto "rock-ribbed" in its Republicanism. Nor do they stand alone as omens of a coming political upheaval. They have been preceded by one of the most tumultuous sessions of Congress in modern American history, and by a series of fierce internecine struggles among the Republicans for the control of many State conventions. Except in the South, which remains habitually unaffected by anything that happens to the Republican Party, there is no section of the country in which Progressive Republicans have not battled with the "old guard," and very few in which they have not triumphed. The feeling between the two factions is apparently so deeply inflamed that each would probably prefer a Democratic victory at the polls to its rival's success. To this extent at any rate, each seems likely to be gratified. At the elections some six weeks hence, the whole of the House of Representatives is to be chosen, and one-third of the Senate replaced. A turnover of twenty-four seats will be enough to give the Democrats a majority in the lower House, and if twelve other States follow the example of Maine and elect Democratic Legislatures, the Senate will also be in their control. It is just possible that both prizes will be carried off; it appears all but certain that one of them—the capture of the House of Representatives—will fall to the Democrats. Two years after Mr. Taft's election by the largest plurality ever accorded to a Presidential candidate, he faces the extreme probability that one of the two Houses of Congress, and possibly both, will be dominated for the remainder of his term by his opponents.

A development so startling and convulsive is susceptible of many explanations, but among them unquestionably must be placed the revolt of the American people against the Payne Tariff Act. Even here, however, it is necessary to distinguish. At present the revolt of the American people against the Payne Tariff Act is not so much an intellectual revolt against Protection as a fiscal creed, as a symptom of moral, social, and political revulsion from the accompaniments of Protection. The conviction that the Payne Tariff Act is largely responsible for the high cost of living is, no doubt, operating powerfully on the American mind. But, in the main, the unpopularity of that measure is due to the manner in which it was framed, to the broken pledges and the cynical greed that accompanied its progress through the Legislature. The Republicans on their electoral platforms had squarely committed themselves to Tariff revision. We all remember what happened. The Tariff was revised, but revised upwards instead of downwards, and both Republicans and Democrats joined hands in the work. The politicians held the pen that wrote the new Payne Act, but their hand was guided by the lobbyist and the corporation agent. As usual, every locality wanted Protection for its own special interest, and Free Trade for every other interest. As usual, there were hardly a dozen men in the whole Con-

gress who took a national view. As usual, the manufacturer, on the plea of defending the working-man against "the pauper wages of Europe," succeeded in getting his entire labor bill found by the taxpayer. As usual, log-rolling, dickers, deals, and "trades" dictated the schedules. As usual, nominal reductions were found to be more than balanced by changes of classification, by the addition of an innocent-looking word or line of which no one but the expert who inserted it grasped the significance, or by some inconspicuous qualification that turned out to be worth thousands a year to the "interest" that had slipped it in. As usual, Congress presented the spectacle of a squalid, feverish, chaotic struggle of all the "interests" in the country to get their heads into the trough. As usual, the public was fooled from the beginning to the end. The scandal, the folly, the disgrace of it, effectually woke the nation. There was no Tariff question in the United States eighteen months ago. There is one now.

It is this business of rescuing the American nation from the conscienceless politics that its special form of Protection involves which is the essence of the tremendous conflict that is now being waged in the United States, and is the root cause of all the political turmoil. The American Democracy, cumbrously, blindly, not wholly knowing what it is about, is girding itself together to fight the American Plutocracy. Such an issue squares with none of the hackneyed, meaningless battle-cries and factitious divisions of party warfare, and cuts clean across all of them. In the America of to-day, you are either for Privilege or you are against it; and whether you are for or against it depends, not on whether you have been in the habit of calling yourself a Republican or a Democrat, but on the innumerable complex influences, traits, temperamental leanings, and conditions of life, that make one man a Tory and another a Radical. The American is beginning to think continentally instead of sectionally. Men are entering Congress with new standards of what legislation should be—men who instinctively line up against the "Reactionaries," like Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon, and the "old guard" of Bosses and corporation tools—men who are no longer willing to look upon themselves as legislative ciphers when any question arises that does not concern their own particular constituency—men who are zealous for the broader public good, and who naturally, therefore, find themselves in opposition to the excessive power of organised wealth, and to a Congressional procedure that stifles individual effort and initiative and reduces all legislation to a process of trading and bargaining among a multitude of interests and localities. It is to such men, stirred by such ambitions, that the downfall of "Cannonism," the revolt against the Payne Act, the enthusiasm for the vague "Roosevelt policies," and the general confusion of American politics are really due. Neither the Republicans nor the Democrats have yet wheeled round to face squarely and sincerely the novel problems that have been propounded to the people. Each is undergoing an internal process of dissolution and re-alignment, but it will be long before the results of that process become reducible to set terms.

Life and Letters.

A SEEKER.

"I WONDERED," says Mr. Wells's hero in *Tono Bungay*, "if my case was the case of many men, whether in former ages, too, men had been so guideless, so uncharted, so haphazard in their journey through life." "Uncharted and haphazard" is the existence to-day of most men who come to this experience, not merely to make some material success of it, but also to find a faith by which a man can live. The lives even of the less distinguished of any who refuse to take opium of necessity possess interest and some distinction; standing, as they do, on some secure rock foundation, amid a current of "chance and impulse and unmeaning tradition." "A modern Humanist" Mr. Binns terms his friend, in an eloquent appreciation of the author of "A History of English Philanthropy," and in so far as this resolute voyager is seeking, with all the Renaissance Humanists, Truth at whatever cost, the description is a just one. In this preface to *Collected Miscellaneous Papers of Kirkman Grey, 'A Modern Humanist'* (A. C. Fifield), the biographer is not merely telling the story of how one man beat out the music within him, and found at last an intelligible if mystical creed. He is telling also a typical experience of the more generous youth of these decades.

He was born down in the West Country—at Blandford, in Dorset—and reared amid the fields and woods and streams of England's out-of-doors. He was sucked up—with so many thousand others—into the "Great Weir"; being established at the age of fourteen in a City warehouse and lodging at Dalston. He passed through the customary religious crisis of middle-class adolescence, in later youth, desiring "openly to confess Jesus Christ as my Saviour" and to "join the Church." He passed also through the challenges of awakening knowledge, excited by something so unpromising as a mathematical address to the British Association, which produced, first, a feverish attempt to apprehend Euclid, and so work up to "the sublime simplicity of a Mathematical Universe"; and, second, the determination to "know"—to know everything, and its why and wherefore: which stimulated wide reading after office hours were over, far into the night. He was lonely; he did not like the work of business; at twenty, he fled home to Dorset again. Thence he sallied forth as a student for the Congregational Ministry; and from his studentship days his life becomes very nearly a repetition of that recorded in the "Autobiography of Mark Rutherford." At college he showed vigor in controversy and a doubtful orthodoxy. Afterwards he had great difficulty in finding a Church which would invite him to be its minister. He thought of journalism, of becoming a trades' union official, of emigrating to the Colonies. (How many thousand others, in similar position to-day, have thought the same!) At length he obtained a position developing the "social" side of Congregational Churches; but "his speech was not theirs"; and "he began to preach among the Unitarians." He occupied their limited and scanty provincial pulpits, longing for London "with its intellectual stimulus and vast multitudes." At the age of thirty-five, after so much wasted and futile effort, with a doubtful creed of life and a sense of its passing with nothing accomplished strong within him, he fell in love with his future wife, and found the Universe transformed. He had discovered the key which unlocked the door to that mystical faith in the triumph of an indwelling Divine Spirit, which was to sustain him for the rest of his days. He was filled with "the heartache of humanity."

He settled down to attempt this effort among the poor, at "Bell Street Domestic Mission, Edgware Road"—with the same intention and not much more seeming success as the attempt on Drury Lane by "Mark Rutherford" and his friend. He desired that the Hall should become the People's Hall. They wanted to make that corner of Marylebone a wholesome and beauti-

ful place to live in. They wanted as citizens to realise things that were true and honorable and of good report. Their religion in theory could be summed up in one sentence: "Everyone that loveth is born of God." He sought friendships amongst the poor. The Mission gave concerts and charity, and tried to help this broken, baffled, patient population each to make more of his own individual life. No obvious success crowned the effort. The strain was too great, health collapsed, Mr. Grey was compelled to leave the battle in the heart of the City. He settled down at Hampstead, writing there his book on the History of Philanthropy. Later he came to live at Garden City. At Garden City, in June 1907, he died suddenly—of heart disease, in the short, sharp end that he himself would have wished. "His ashes, after cremation, were buried under the chestnuts in the old Churchyard at Letchworth. He had loved to stand and feel the chanted music stream out into the open through the doors and windows. He did not belong inside the walls."

It was a life of no great distinction, cut short prematurely, indeed, but not promising any shining advantages in discovery or enlightenment. But it was given up to the highest ends and no meaner service; obstinate in its sincerity, in search for truth through the slush and mud of contemporary opinion, and charged and transfigured with a real passion for human betterment. Its interest lies, in the main, in its quality as a type, the effort, here concentrated in a mind which pushed things to their conclusion, of much that is widespread but implicit and obscure in these opening years of the twentieth century. The frank incredulity of so much still defiantly taught in the older religions, still meets a refusal to be content with material transformations, a conviction that "without the Vision the People perish." A revolt against the vast confusion of the economic order, reflected in the maimed and broken lives which collect as a kind of human sediment in the choked industrial cities, mingled also with the conviction that solution of the problem at present was lacking, combined with a resolve that some solution should be found. Mr. Grey at one time called himself a "Socialist," and at another time became a member of the Independent Labor Party. It was a revolt against the material order, as his reaction against orthodox Congregationalism was a revolt against the spiritual order. He found relief from an impossible position in that combination of mystic delight in the natural world outside with direct service for the welfare of his fellow-men, the whole illuminated and glorified by one overmastering individual love. Through the love of the One, in the Platonic progression, he passed to the love of Many, from Solitary Beauty to the apprehension of some Divine Spirit of Beauty, through material to mystical ideals. Love, Beauty, and Social Redemption became inseparably interwoven with his apprehension of good, and the combination turned the grey of modern life into a kind of glory. "What are our Reforms worth," he asked, "except to set us free to enjoy, and give us a heart to trust?" He possessed, like Morris and Richard Jefferies, a kind of personal affection for the earth and its wonders, finding in moonlight on the waters or on the high Yorkshire moors inspiration, explanation, transfiguration, of men's brief and troubled existence. "My love, when it came to me, was known as the unfolding of the Eternal—it was transcendent, cosmic—a revelation of the world-secret. And as such its meaning deepened, matched, year by year, against the actual conditions of existence." He would fall on his face, in ecstasy, to kiss the heather; he would exult and triumph in the sound of the sea.

From these mystical apprehensions—like Morris and Jefferies again—he drew fresh determination to work for the redemption of the modern world. To him that redemption must of necessity take the form of economic rescue—from the privations of "insecurity, hunger, and cold." It could by no means be content with such a rescue; nor—with that rescue effected—would it settle down in comfort in a Universe of limited material horizons. His "Socialism" ultimately resolved itself into a demand for a minimum standard.

"The final end set by philanthropy and which Society alone through the State can secure, is," he affirmed, "to bring the means of life and livelihood within reach of all, or to secure a progressive minimum, the aim being not to compel equality, but to set a limit below which inequality shall not go." But, this attained, the end was still beyond. "I want to help the people, through all flow of time and stress of circumstance, to feel the ever-presence of God."

The man was a child of his age, struggling like so many others in this transitory and uncertain state, attaining with difficulty a working and satisfying creed of life, where others fail or abandon the quest or accept dishonorable compromise.

THE NOVEL AS ART.

WHEN artists take their art too seriously, with loud professions of inspiration and refinements of technique, they only make themselves ridiculous. Especially is this true of an art so modern, so experimental, and so multi-form as the novel. The suggestion that there is a proper size for the novel, determined by some intrinsic conditions of the art of prose fiction, will deceive nobody who is acquainted with the actual state of the literary craft. No one ought to wish to prevent the novel from achieving the delicacy and exactitude of the sonnet, or from fulfilling any serious or elevated purpose of which it may be capable. But it will be well to remember that, in origin and history, it has always claimed to be the loosest, most liberal, least arrogant of the literary arts. In its course of development it has mingled with older strains of romance. But it has remained, so far as the popular taste is concerned, an entertaining narrative of imaginary adventures, in its essence mixed, leisurely, and not too exigent in its intellectual appeal. All idea of dramatic movement, all realisation of special artistic purpose, was superimposed upon this primary loose notion of an interesting narrative. No one thought more clearly or dwelt more enthusiastically upon this new mode of "History" than Fielding. But no one would have been more amazed at the proposition that "The right number of words for a novel is exactly that number which the artist needs to express fully the idea which inspired him to the writing of that novel." If any idea inspired Fielding to his first work, it was the idea of exposing by parody the unctuous rectitude of Richardson. But that genial rambler would have greeted with boisterous amusement the view that this purpose held him down to the exact proportions of his "Joseph Andrews." Though one writer in the recent discussion of lengths emits the superstitious doctrine that "No one would wish to take one word from 'Tom Jones,'" nothing can be more evident of all the great popular novels of the world than that an addition or subtraction of ten or even twenty per cent. would have made little difference in the merit of their appeal, and that in point of fact their actual length was a matter mainly of chance, or whim, or leisure, in the writer.

The early novel was, in effect, a literary hold-all, with a sufficient cover of plain, eventful narrative and interesting predicament, the sympathetic interest of character emerging from the convenient biographic form which placed in the foreground the hero or heroine. Large and loose as life itself, this imaginary life breaks up into various sizes. The novel until recently never confined itself to a single episode; the reader had to be familiarised with the character, and the story must be worked out with variety of incident. It would be pretty accurate to say that all the great books to which the title "Novel" is incontestably applied are of this large liberal character. Not merely was there no such close economy of treatment as is assumed by those who are discussing whether 80,000 or 100,000 words can best render a given type of modern story, but an almost limitless licence of expatiation was claimed and practised. Consider the admirable essays upon art and life which gave such ample margin to the several books of

"Tom Jones," the colossal episode which Richardson embedded in "Sir Charles Grandison," the disquisitions and sub-stories of "Wilhelm Meister," the masses of antiquarian lore which Sir Walter Scott and Victor Hugo built into the fabric of their romances. Apart from what, even to the contemporary reader, sometimes appeared as extravagances, the great admitted master-works have usually demanded space in order that their special group of characters and the plot may be shown in proper relations to the world around them. For such work as that which the authors of "Vanity Fair" and "Middlemarch" intended, a large canvas was essential.

The same applies to certain novels of more definitely social purpose, such as "Les Misérables," or Tolstoy's "Peace and War." For all such writings we feel that a loose texture is necessary, and that all close discussion of economy of size is quite irrelevant. This admission does not, of course, dispose of an objection which has some validity, to the effect that the mass of such colossal representations may be so overwhelming in its size and intricacy of detail as to damage the intellectual and emotional appeal. There is, indeed, another conception of the art of fiction which has tended to displace, partly for this very reason, the larger structure, and it is upon this process of growing preference that the real value of the discussion raised by the "British Weekly" and the "Westminster Gazette" actually turns. The successful novel of to-day indisputably tends to become shorter than its predecessors of a generation ago. This may be explained partly, no doubt, by trade purposes. For it would be foolish to deny that the professional novelist keeps a keener eye than any other artist upon the public, that is to say, upon the market. To admit this is no reproach, no accusation, for how can a writer entertain, or even instruct, unless he attends to the wants and wishes of his readers? Now, the public of novel-readers is not only larger and more various than it was, it is more mobile and less disposed to adhere to a few favorite writers, allowing them a free disposal of its reading time. No writer in our day, not even the greatest, can hope to hold his public in that condition of enthralment which was exercised by a long series of novelists from Scott to George Eliot. The hold even of Meredith and of Mr. Hardy was over a narrow section of the great public, and Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, who came nearest in our day to dominion, never really achieved it. This difficulty in establishing a supremacy and a large receptive public has had much more to do with shortening the novel than any consideration of the art of prose fiction. No English writer to-day dares to take the large canvas of Fielding or Thackeray; Mr. De Morgan's partial return to the looser method, notable as it is, being little more than a *succès d'estime*. It is even doubtful whether the genius of a Dumas could to-day carry through the vast adventure of the Mousquetaire series or of Monte Cristo. What chance would "Clarissa" or "Peace and War" or "Waverley" have in the rapidly revolving library box of to-day? The reader nowadays must be *au courant* with so many different sorts of reading that he "really has not time" for large experiments. Time is short, and if Art is long, so much the worse for Art. It must be cut. Such is the tone of complaint among injured artists. It contains some truth, but not the whole. There is, we think, no doubt that the taste and uses for the novel are genuinely shifting. The older form has ceased to satisfy. Most readers prefer a narrower and intenser dramatic purpose, more finished execution than the old picaresque form permitted. "Silas Marner" and "Janet's Repentance" were to such readers even half a century ago more satisfying than the longer books, while the splendid dramatic concentration of *Quatre-vingt-treize* or of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" was only made possible by extreme artifice of compression.

So to-day we find our best novelists deliberately confining themselves to some single problem of conduct, or predicament of situation, instead of accepting the older challenge to be a general showman of the life of their time. Whether the treatment be that of realism

or of heroic romance, psychological or sensational in its appeal, this specialism is gaining ground. It has now at its command, perhaps, a larger number of bright and even brilliant writers than ever before, and its hold upon the expanding public of readers is a unique fact of intellectual history. A host of keen explorers into the possibilities of human character and conduct is everywhere opening up for us new tracts of country, striving as it were to exhaust all the permutations and combinations of human destiny on earth, wielding the most audacious instruments of romance in the service of the higher and the deeper realism. Incidentally this specialism sheds light upon the question of dimensions. For this closer and more concentrated treatment neither recognises nor admits the expatiation of the older novel. A George Meredith or a Henry James may, no doubt, open out a single emotional situation with such elaboration of heroic sentimentalism or psychological dissection as to require a large volume to hold the contents. But such minuteness of analysis commonly defeats its end as much as the over-massiveness of concrete narrative in some of the older writers. The reading public will pertinaciously impose some limits upon the minuteness of our later-day realists as upon the effusive meanderings of their predecessors. A few artists may talk of their art as if it compelled them to write according to some high standards of intrinsic merit, in defiance of the public taste. But after this humorous parade of waywardness they will continue to conform, producing the sort of fiction that the people wants, as far as they are capable of doing so, and content to exercise some corrective or educative influence upon the public taste. This is as much as the modern novelist will usually try to do.

THE REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

IF we asked ourselves how an age so many-sided, so entangled, as our own could hope to find a true monitor and critic of its life, we would probably answer our own question in some such fashion as this: "Such a critic should be a man of wide culture, for he must read much and understand what he reads. He must, therefore, have command of leisure. But he must not have lived among the cultured or the leisured classes alone. He must be equally familiar with the life of the workman and the peasant, wherein lies the key to modern society. He must have a great faculty for selecting important facts and separating them from the unimportant ones. But he should not be a mere intellectual. He must be an artist, who can give his reflections a form in which his own emotion in transcribing them will communicate itself to others. Above all, he must be a man of religious feeling, for without religion society cannot exist; of a deeply sympathetic nature, lacking which he will feel nothing; and yet of a sharply critical temper, without which he will comprehend nothing. And he must be capable of clear, massive, uncompromising judgment." In other words, he must be something like the old Russian noble, to-day in his eighty-third year, to whom men of all classes and nationalities and State centres look up as to a teacher and friend. Tolstoy still writes as perfectly as ever, as any reader of the sketches published in the "Westminster Gazette" can see. And there are no signs that his moral force diminishes, or will diminish after his death. For he has the peculiar advantage of standing, as Voltaire, his predecessor in the line of great Europeans, stood, between two worlds, one dead or dying, the other waiting to be born. The world against which he fights is that which specially maintains the two tendencies of sceptical materialism in thought and coercive force in action. The world for which he fights is that of persuasion in government and of spiritual certainties in its inner conduct. Tolstoy happens to know them both intimately; half his work is given up to a broad analysis of the first, and half to an imaginative and rational presentment of the second. So that this great traveller's explorations lead him

through the entire sphere of modern war, politics, government, medicine, law, philosophy, faith, superstition, the outer and inner experiences of men and women of all classes, while his wonderful power of generalisation enables him to associate his discoveries and intuitions in a panoramic view of the whole. Something like the same general description might apply to two other modern writers, Balzac and the much inferior Zola. In mere bulk, indeed, the authors of the "Comédie Humaine," and "Les Rougon-Macquart" exceed Tolstoy the novelist, as well as in their far more formal and deliberate design. But they differ still more in the quality and intention of their work. Balzac suffered both from the riotous excess and the essential harshness of his genius; while Zola's faults and merits were those of the pamphleteer rather than of the analytical writer. Neither possessed Tolstoy's knowledge and critical faculty, his patient luminous survey of a wide intellectual surface. And both were of the city and literary type; there was too much Paris in their blood. Tolstoy is essentially of the farm and the steppe; he has seen artificial life—war, fashionable society, scientific and material developments—through a mind continually refreshed by Nature and those experiences of men which are closest to Nature. His work, therefore, is never jaded or hectic. You may search in vain all through the "Human Comedy" or the "Rougon-Macquart" series for so fresh a piece of realism as the mowing of the hay in "Anna Karenina," or the drive through the snow-storm in "Master and Man."

But Tolstoy's supreme contribution to the age is his effort to reunite literature and life as the prelude to a still grander marriage of faith and conduct throughout the Christian world. His own rigorous self-criticism has forbidden him to place more than a minute fragment of his creative work in the category of literature of the first rank—that which yields a universal appeal. Such a place he reserves for stories in the Bible, or for the early and unstudied literature of the common people, such as folk-lore and folk-songs. But both in its earlier elaborations, and its later and simpler forms, his writing cuts athwart the "preciousness" of most modern art and literature, and returns to the broader humanity of Fielding, Dickens, and Hugo. And this idea that literature and art are the heritage of all the people, not the special adornment of the rich, merely opens out Tolstoy's conception of a society at peace, because in unity, with itself. He does not tell us how this commonwealth is to be constituted—what legal or economic bonds are to hold it together. Nothing could turn Tolstoy into a political thinker. But by a sublime effort of faith he sees the world, after centuries of wars and empires and aristocratic or capitalistic societies, turn to the despised and rejected teaching of Jesus and the faintly shadowed visions of the early Christian Church. That this ideal picture may be more attractive to us, the artist paints and repaints the sufferings of the conventional world—the early deaths and miserable lives of its workers, the diseases and fears, the vices and *ennui*, of its rich, the harshness and stupidity of its institutions, the inequality and absurdity of its laws; above all, the evasion by the Churches of the doctrine which would release us from these evils and the substitution of the doctrine which retains and excuses them. "Let each one of you put yourself outside the complex social machinery and the reasons that are given for carrying it on," he says, "and consider for yourself what good comes of all this soldiering, governing, punishing, money-making, and slave-driving. And if you are convinced, turn from the doctrine of the Scribes and Pharisees to that which alone can restore energy to society and peace to your own soul. Cease to strive and cry so much, to make other people work for you, to resist evil with more evil, to judge, to punish, to make war, to become soldiers, to back Governments that rest on force, or to meet their violence with more violence."

It is perhaps a little hard to see where this awakening of the individual can be joined on to practice and public responsibility. Here, indeed, Tolstoy closely follows the Christian model. He states the case, asking

each pleader for things as they are to answer it if he can, to say that this "vita nuova" can possibly entail so many burdens as that which he asks him to relinquish. Nor is it always possible to reconcile this vision of life with Tolstoy's recurring pessimism, which, in spite of his formal disavowal, now and then seems to link his thought even more closely with Buddhism than with Christianity. Yet the actual position which he holds in the world now growing dim to his eyes is one of great power, as well as of fascinating interest. Believer and sceptic, iconoclast and restorer, Kings and Churches may have no use for him, but common thought turns to him, drawn by the incomparable richness and fulness of his nature, by the warmth of his affections, above all by the high practical value of his service to mankind. More than once he has made the mock-masters of his country and his age tremble; for though his criticism extends itself to Socialism, and almost all forms of State activity, the people feel that it is only oppression that he hates, and only their good that he seeks. For Tolstoy is above all a man of his times, and when he has gone we shall all say this great Saint of Literature wrote little or nothing but what made for their peace.

WANTED, AN IBSEN SEASON.

THIS autumn has brought the welcome news that an enterprising American has decided to bestow upon London a commercial Opera House. It is to be planted right in Kingsway, a challenge to all the busy life of the City, and it proposes to pay its way and make a profit. There is about this scheme none of the half-pathetic, half-heroic make-shift which seeks some nearly ruined theatre in a back street, and there plans amid poverty and neglect to burn a guttering taper to the Muses. The scheme is based on the assumption that at last the compact majority desires Grand Opera, and is prepared to pay the usual toll in ground-rents and star salaries. The fashionable world always has patronised opera, even in London, for it served as well as any other entertainment to display the diamonds and cloaks of its ladies, and to keep its horses tossing their tormented heads under the strain of their bearing reins in the streets outside. The "intellectuals" always have wanted opera, but unluckily have been unable to pay for it on a scale that would enable it to please their instructed judgment. The present speculation proceeds on the theory that at length the plain man wants Wagner. It is quite a plausible theory. He insists upon Wagner Monday after Monday in orchestral extracts at the Queen's Hall. If he enjoys the orchestration, as he certainly does, the presumption is that he will be even better pleased when he has it with the singing, the acting, and the staging and the story. In the provinces he has taken kindly to the slightly shabby renderings of the more popular operas which for many a year the travelling companies have provided for him. There seems to be a case for something more ambitious, more competent, and more permanent in town.

The news sets one speculating as to the length of time which ought normally to be allowed before the British public will heartily accept a new idea in art. Wagner had against him the whole tradition and inertia of the Mendelssohn school. His acceptance by the intellectuals here dates, we imagine, from about the time that Mr. Shaw grew tired of writing musical criticism. The capitulation of the great public is the work of Mr. Wood. It is said of us that we take our pleasures sadly. The real fact is that we hardly endure to take them seriously at all. That form of art is always for many years tabooed which demands any intellectual labor for its appreciation. The national habit is to regard amusement as the antithesis to thinking. That music succeeds without a struggle which may be enjoyed by a nearly passive ear. That play is readily welcomed which neither disturbs nor excites, and demands from its audience a minimum of close attention. That has been no doubt the complaint of artists all the world over, and in every

period. It is the theme of the director's prologue to "Faust." It is the theme of more than one of Mr. Shaw's prefaces to his own plays. But there comes even among us a point at which the British public ceases to be painfully aware of its own mental efforts, and ends by welcoming what was at first a repugnant exertion.

One takes heart from the evidence that Wagner has reached the stage of commercial success in London to urge that the time may even have come for as bold an experiment with Ibsen. They have nothing in common, save that each demands a greater intellectual effort than the school which held the day before him. But it is just this obstacle which was fatal. We incline to think that the moment for that experiment is more than due. The nationalist impulse has carried us successfully through experiments much more daring than the bulk of Ibsen demands. If it was the realism or the suspicion of a didactic purpose that stood in the way, what is there of either in Ibsen so formidable as the same things in Mr. Galsworthy's plays? If it is the extravagant and difficult fancy of the latest plays, with the baffling cross-purposes between symbolism and story, what could be more fanciful than the Irish plays to which London gave a welcome? If it is the mere fact that Ibsen demands an energetic listener, there is more effort required by any one of Mr. Shaw's plays, with a less certain reward. We seem, by the natural process of reaction to be reaching, both in the theatre and the concert-room, a stage when native work stands a better chance than its merits altogether deserve, and Continental work has altogether ceased to profit by the servile attention which used to await anything exotic. But nothing really stands in the way save the contemporary passion for pageantry. Ibsen's middle-class interiors, his rigid adherence to the unities, his refusal to court variety by so much as a needless change of scene from one room to another, his choice of characters whom it would be a desecration to set forth with showy clothes or dashing manners—these are probably still the chief drawbacks to his popularity. But we are nearing a phase of civilisation in which there is a public for the actor and actress who represent. A debased stage asks only for violent passions exhibited with a certain virtuosity. An actress must be able to play an hysterical movement as a violinist must play his cadenza. Or, if it escapes that worse phase of vulgarity, its aim is to display a charming woman or a gallant man. The appreciation which the acting of the Court Theatre and the Manchester Gaiety won and deserved suggests that the time has come when Ibsen may be welcomed for the opportunities which he offers in a profusion and variety so amazing, alike for the humorous or malicious character-study of the commonplace and for the poetic presentation of rarer temperaments.

It is the fate of an author who chooses contemporary themes that he risks a period of apathy and neglect when the phase of controversy is past. No one to-day would treat the "Doll's House" as a burning question. In theory, at least, we have accepted the daring idea that a woman is a person. The debate which raged in boycotted books and disreputable plays has transferred itself to the broader stage of politics. The public might still find "Ghosts" decidedly painful (if the Censor would allow it to be played), but it has learned enough by now to avoid the more elementary phase of feeling shocked and angry. As for "The Enemy of the People," the stupidest critic would hardly resent it enough to denounce it as a tract. The danger is rather that, while these plays have lost their controversial spice, we are not yet far enough from their themes to regard them as historical documents. It ought to be enough for us that they are representations of life, subtle, compact, and vivid, sketched with a marvellous technical skill. But the world had to wait for the age of *Maple* to appreciate a Dutch interior. These interiors of Ibsen's seem to us just a trifle out of date, neither picturesque because they are old, nor exciting because they are new. We cut the knots to-day which their characters are busied in unfastening, and their slower processes seem to us just a trifle unnecessary. We feel that impatience only because controversy has forced us into the absurdity of supposing

that Ibsen was writing pamphlets. He was drawing life, and he has drawn it with an insight and a sympathy that can never become obsolete. The truth is that Ibsen ought to be read backwards. Steep your mind in the later plays, "Borkman" and the "Master Builder," for example, and you will laugh at the delusion that this poet was merely grappling with "problems." It is the character that fascinates him, the "troll" in the builder and the Napoleon maimed in his first battle. The setting of contemporary themes which serves to exhibit Nora is no more the essential of the play than the historical background of "The Pretenders" and "The Vikings." The occasional presentation of "Hedda Gabler," the "Enemy of the People," and "The Doll's House" allows no conception of the range and purpose of Ibsen's work. The most daring of the modern romantics is mistaken for a realist, the master-builder for an architect of mean streets. There is no poet of our time whose creations stand in a closer relation to each other or deserve to be seen so fully in series and perspective. While the superfluous wealth of the nation flings itself away in Victorian Monuments and now in Edwardian memorials, it is worth proposing that a guarantee should enable some worthy manager to present the whole series of Ibsen plays. Since the Human Comedy of Balzac there has been no such world of romance opened before us. It is the generation that has passed away, but it is also human life itself.

Short Studies.

IRENE MERCER.

THE general feeling was that Jane would be more convenient, that Mary made a less demand on the brain, that Ellen had the advantage of having been the title of her immediate predecessors, but she proved stern and adamant in regard to the detail, and the graceful thing to do was to give in for the moment with a secret promise to make an alteration later on. When the time came for revision, it was found that no other title but that of Irene could possibly be given. The name fitted as though she had been measured for it. An impression that it could only belong to stately and slightly offended young women on the pages of sixpenny fashion journals, vanished.

"Previous to me coming here," Irene sometimes explained in the minute and a half given to conversation whilst clearing breakfast, "I was in a business establishment. Two year I put in there, I did, and then my 'ealth give way. Otherwise I should never have dreamt of going into domestic service. I've been used to 'aving my evenings to myself!"

By chance, it was ascertained that the time which elapsed after leaving school had been devoted to a mineral water manufactory: this discovery reflected no credit upon any of the boarders, being indeed the result of a chance remark made by her on seeing a two-horse cart belonging to the firm go through the Square. A closer reticence was shewn in regard to her family. Irene did, however, convey, at times, a hint that the members had seen better and more prosperous days, and that distinguished ancestors would betray signs of restlessness did they become aware that she occupied a position that brought in but £12 a year, giving freedom only on Thursday evening and alternate Sunday afternoons. "But we never know what's in store for us," she remarked, with a touch of fatalism. "It's all ordained, I suppose. What I mean to say is, everything's planned out, only that we don't know it. Just as well, perhaps."

Her appearance in the earlier days gave no signal of noble birth. She wore the corkscrew curls fashionable in her neighborhood, and her efforts in hairdressing ceased at about half way to the back of her head; the rest being a casual knot insecurely tied. Many things go awry in this world, but few were so unlucky as Irene's apron, which appeared to be the sport and play of chance,

going to various points of the compass, sometimes becoming fixed due west. She seemed to have a prejudice against safety pins. With her, hooks and eyes lived indiscriminately, and never as precise, well-ordered couples. On first assuming the white cap (against the use of which she made desperate opposition), she wore it rakishly over one eye, and being reproved, answered lightly that this was one of those matters which would be forgotten a hundred years hence. A girl more completely furnished with the easy platitudes that turn away wrath never, surely, existed. In generous mood, she gave them away by the dozen.

"One 'alf of the world doesn't know how the other 'alf lives; it's a poor 'eart that never rejoices; there's none so blind as them that won't see, a bird in the 'and's worth two in the bush, and that's all about it!"

You must not assume that Irene gave up a large amount of her time to conversation. She started work at twenty to seven in the morning, and if half past four in the afternoon found her ready (in her own phrase) to pop upstairs and change, she counted she had scored a victory. After tea came duties of a more leisurely nature such as ironing, and later still—if luck favored—a brief opportunity for the study of literature, from which she came in such a dazed, confused state of mind, that for the subsequent twenty minutes she could only give answers that possessed a conspicuous amount of incoherence. Those who have seen her with a number of "The Belgravia Novelette" report that her lips moved silently as she read the lines, that her features indicated, unconsciously, the emotions affecting each character: when a lady had to reject the advances of some unwelcome suitor (a frequent occurrence in the world of fiction where Mr. A., liking Miss B., finds this converted into ardent love when she announces she hates him with a hate that can never die, then Irene's face showed stern and uncompromising decision: when a landscape artist proclaimed an affection he had hitherto concealed, her eyes half closed, and her head went gently to and fro.

It is likely the pictures which accompanied these agreeable stories had some influence, although the fact that the people were always in evening dress prevented Irene from imitating every detail. The corkscrew curls, brought forward at each side of the face from a definite and decided parting, were brushed back. Irene was observed one night at about eight, on her return from commissariat duties in connection with the next morning's breakfast, staring earnestly at the head which, in a window, revolved slowly, vanishing and re-appearing with a fixed, haughty smile. A youth came up and made some remarks.

"Don't you address conversation to anyone what you haven't been introduced to," she ordered, warmly.

"Carry your parcel for you?"

"Thanks," replied Irene, "but I don't want to lose it."

The youth, declining to take this as a repulse, followed her, and Irene's mistress reproved her for entering the house at the front door when the area gate was open. The very next day a fresh and daring experiment was made by fixing a white collar around the neck, and this was followed in the evening by a pair of cuffs. She seemed pleased with the general effect, and hastened to answer some knocks and rings at the front door instead of compelling every caller to repeat the summons. One of these she received with great curtness.

"No, the name don't live here."

"Beg pardon!" said a youth's deep voice. "Perhaps I've got it wrong."

"Quite likely. Judging from your appearance."

"Doing any shopping to-night, miss?"

Her mistress appealed to her by name, and she closed the door, explaining a few minutes later that she could not help feeling sorry for the poor fellows who had to sell combs and hair-brushes; at the same time, they had no right to annoy people who had work to do beside answering knocks. Later, her mistress asked her to refrain from singing. Irene's voice would never have taken her to the concert platform, but her

theory of music was so excellent that it may be worth while to give some particulars here. When affairs of the world went crooked, with her mistress temporarily short in temper, streets becoming muddy directly that the front step had been whitened, disaster on the stairs with a breakfast tray, then Irene selected airs of the cheeriest description, bursting into:

"When Jones, my friend, came round to me,
He said, 'Will you go on the spree?'
I answered 'Yes, of course I will,
That is, if you will pay the bill.'"

and other songs of a rollicking nature. On the other hand, when the world went smoothly and nothing happened of a contrary nature and her mistress had given her an egg with her tea, then Irene's voice came lugubriously up from the basement:

"Oh I ne'er shall see my loved one any mower,
For I'm leaving her and Britain's gallant shower,
Though my tears are gently falling, yet I hear her voice a-calling,
But I ne'er shall see my loved one any mower."

Changes had, as mentioned, been coming over the girl, but they proved more obvious at the period when the young man referred to adopted the procedure of waiting outside the house of an evening, sometimes offering three stamps with the foot near the railings, sometimes giving a whistle, sometimes playing on the railings a mandoline solo, sometimes, after a wait of three quarters of an hour, affecting in an ostentatious way to leave—when all other plans had failed—and bringing Irene up the steps of the area at a run, and with a call of "Hi!"

The interesting detail about the acquaintance was the perfect and complete decision arrived at, without delay, by Irene. Other girls, in like case, would probably have assumed an attitude of indifference in speaking of their young man; might have suggested that they would require much persuasion before consenting to give their hand; would certainly have conveyed the impression that the capture of their heart was a task not easily effected. Irene, from a fortnight after the meeting outside the hairdresser's shop, made no attempt to hide the fact that she fully intended to marry Mr. Easter. I have often wondered whether he made a formal proposal, or whether it was assumed on both sides that this could be taken for granted: there are some matters on which one cannot interrogate a lady, and, if she does not give the information spontaneously, the particulars have to be guessed. In other respects, there seemed no reason to complain of want of candor. Irene chaffed herself quite openly. If she forgot to furnish a cup and saucer with a spoon:

"That's the worst of being in love!"

If she omitted to place the toast-rack on the breakfast table:

"Sooner I get married and settled down the better for all parties!"

Irene, on the Sunday afternoon when he proposed to take her for the first time to see his people, started out looking like a composite photograph, for every lady in the boarding house, from her mistress in the basement upward, had made some loan or gift, and many of the adornments had a familiar appearance. No one could blame her for opening the striped parasol, although the sun was absent; a muff carried by the other hand and wrist showed that no weather would find her unprepared. Young Easter stood at the corner of the first turning, and, in his case, a necktie showed a vivacious spirit of adventure. A row of white caps watched from area railings as they met, noted that a bowler hat was lifted, polite offer to carry the muff, consultation regarding the method of conveyance. They went off arm in arm, Irene dancing in the effort to keep step, and anyone, starting out five minutes later, could have followed the scent, and tracked both to the destination by the combined odor of lavender water and eau de cologne.

"Oh yes," reported Irene, the next day, "I can always make myself at 'ome with strangers. The old lady—his mother—seemed inclined to be a bit standoffish at the start, but I said something pleasant about the jam and after that—well, you can generally get

over 'em with a little artfulness. Tact is everything in this world. Besides, civility costs nothing. At any rate, he seemed satisfied."

A new independence of manner appeared, but only on Friday mornings, and this was probably due to the increased conceit effected by young Easter's compliments of the night before. Her curtness towards messengers from shops on these occasions was painful to regard: postmen offering remarks as she knelt at the steps in the early hours went on with the abashed air of those who have incurred severe reproof.

A dramatic shock came when the month's notice had nearly expired, that must have reinforced the girl's confidence in "The Belgravia Novelette," and its amazing habit of altering the situation by the wave of a fairy wand. She made a slight blunder by reading the letter without any exhibition of an agonised mind, but a moment's consideration remedied this, and, if all I heard was true, she eventually overdid the tragic intensity required.

"Oh heavens!" she murmured brokenly. "Oh my! Oh dear! Has it come to this? What is there to live for now? Oh! I think I shall go out of my mind!"

"Be quiet, child!" ordered her mistress, sharply, "You'll make yourself ill if you go on like this."

"Oh go away and leave me to die. Oh, only leave me alone! Frank, Frank!"

"If you carry on in this fashion," declared her mistress, "I shall simply take you by the shoulders and give you a thorough good shaking. That's what I shall give to you, miss!"

"Read it, ma'am, read it, read it!"

Her mistress, having complied with this request, assured her that, so far as she could understand, the letter contained important news, but nothing to justify the hysterical outburst. Irene, recovering partial serenity of manner, explained, and the other, reading the letter again, admitted there was something in the girl's view, and that the fact of young Easter being taken into partnership by an uncle whose health was failing, might well result in the breaking off of the engagement. The two found common ground in condemning the variability of man, and the pernicious influence of success upon some minds. The girl gave a brief rehearsal of her share in the interview that was to take place that evening, from which it appeared that young Easter would have little to do but listen, to mumble ineffective excuses, to retire finally carrying the knowledge that Irene would not now consent to marry him, though he should come to her on hands and knees.

"Let him 'ave it straight, I will!" cried Irene. "They can't play about and make a fool of me. They may think they can, but I'll jolly soon let 'em know they've made a mistake. Shan't talk much, mind you, but what I do say will go right 'ome. Least said, soonest mended!"

It was expected she would return within twenty minutes after leaving the house; instead, ten o'clock struck as her knock came, and this was not her usual single knock, but represented the music of a triumphant dance. The fault for imagining disaster she imputed to her mistress, who seemed to lack the gift of comprehending a well and clearly expressed letter. Mr. Easter had no idea of backing out of the engagement; on the contrary he wished her, in the new circumstances, to make some more elaborate investments at certain of the best shops in the neighborhood, and this represented his uncle's desire as well as his own.

Irene's mistress tells me she had given up all thoughts and hopes of seeing her again when, being away in the north of London, and desiring to return with all despatch, she managed by standing in front of a conveyance to stop it. Passengers on the left reluctantly made room: the young woman next to whom she sat down begged pardon coldly, and carefully shielded skirts. Recognition came.

"What a very small world it is!" said Irene, in a high voice. "How most extraordinary you and I should run across each other again! And tell me," condescendingly, "you are getting on pretty well? So glad! What a great convenience these motor

omnibuses must be to poor people; I suppose you often travel in them. Do you know, I couldn't get a taxi when I wanted one just now, couldn't get one for love or money. My husband will be so annoyed when I tell him about it. I get out here. Three At Homes to go to. Good-bye!"

W. PETT RIDGE.

Pictures of Travel.

A SCHOOLBOYS' TRIP TO GERMANY.

WE did not set out for Germany with the object of proving any foregone conclusions, and yet in the best sense of the term our motive was political. Parties of grown-up people have been over to Germany to testify their goodwill. We wanted to do our part. Young folk are more promising than grown-ups, for prejudice is better fought by methods of prevention than of cure. To increase the powers of resistance, and never allow the disease to gain a foothold, is the wisest policy in all hygienic science, whether physical, mental or moral. And for that reason it seemed worth while to make an attempt to organise a party of schoolboys and let them see with their own eyes what Germany was like, and learn by their experience the real feeling of German people towards England.

If it was to be a party of schoolboys, it had to be done cheaply. We knew that for our boys anything above five pounds a head was quite out of the question, and with this fixed limit in our minds we set to work to plan the ways and means. And here at the very threshold we had a piece of great good fortune. It happens that the Honorary Secretary of the Anglo-German *Verständigungs Comité*, Dr. August Lorey, was for two years a master at the Grammar School, and through him we were at once put on to the right lines. He put us into communication with Mr. Konrad Bock, who is President of the German Wanderbirds Association. Not only that, but Dr. Max Walter, the headmaster of the famous *Musterschule* at Frankfurt and the leader of the movement for reform in the method of teaching modern languages, as soon as he heard of the proposed "invasion," got seven of the parents of boys attending his school to invite seven of our English schoolboys to spend a fortnight as guests in their families, after the walking tour was over.

The German *Wandervogel* soon showed us how to put the thing through cheaply. We must be independent of all hotels. That meant that, in addition to our own personal kit, we must carry our own tents, waterproof sheets, and sleeping sacks, and light aluminium cooking apparatus. Our march was to be through the German forests, and there would be no lack of firewood, and no difficulty about getting ground for bivouac. Here again we were fortunate. As a "down-town" school with no playground, "not even enough to bleach a lady's pocket-handkerchief" (as De Quincey vainly boasted), we have endeavored to counteract these adverse geographical conditions by utilising both our Whitsun and Summer holidays for the purposes of camping, and in connection with these stationary camps we send out flying columns on organised route marches, mostly of four days' duration, and these flying columns carry everything with them. Hence we were prepared at once to fall in with the suggestions of the *Wandervogel*. On the other hand, not one of our party had any acquaintance with the mountain and forest paths of the country we proposed to traverse, and it was here that Dr. Lorey and Mr. Konrad Bock were of the greatest assistance. They planned out our route for us, and Mr. Bock himself with Mr. Matthias, another leading member of the *Altwandervogel Verein*, volunteered to act as "guide, field-officer, and friend."

The plan of our route was roughly as follows: We started from Königswinter through the Siebengebirge.

Then we struck through the Westerwald for the valley of the Lahn. We crossed the Lahn at Nassau, and marched over the Taunus to Frankfort, climbing the highest point of the Taunus, the Feldberg, on the way. From Frankfort we paid a visit to the Roman frontier camp at Saalburg, which has been rebuilt at the Emperor's orders according to the original design. Thence by train to Aschaffenburg, passing the historic field of Dettingen. At Aschaffenburg we started on our tramp through the Spessart to the Wirtshaus, well-known to schoolboys as the scene of Hauff's story, and so down to the Main once more at Wertheim. From Wertheim, again with the aid of the train, to that "unspoiled Nuremberg," the old-world Bavarian town of Rothenburg on the Tauber, which stands to-day with its high-pitched timber gables, its walls and towered gateways as though at any moment, as 300 years ago, one might see its sturdy burghers march out with their steel halberds and morions to do battle with Tilly at the bridge below the town. From Rothenburg our route lay across the Bavarian highland to Heilbronn and thence to Eberbach, where we took the boat down the Neckar and got our first impression of the romantic ruins of Heidelberg, as all travellers should who wish to view them aright, from the water at nightfall. From Heidelberg a railway journey of half-an-hour took us to Mannheim, and at Mannheim we took a deck passage on a freight steamer to Cologne and slept *à la belle étoile* amid the varied Ausfuhrwaren of Germany's modern industrialism.

We might, of course, have saved considerably if we had been content with a less ambitious programme, and confined our wanderings to some quiet retired country district like the Eifel. But we should not have had the same broad ideas of the wide-stretching grandeur and solitude of the German forests, we should have missed the great rivers and the historic cities, and, above, all, we should have missed our reception at Frankfort which to us, at any rate, was as historic as anything that ever happened to us in our lives. Moreover, railway travelling in Germany is considerably cheaper than with us, and a bona-fide school party travelling with a teacher for educational purposes can travel half price. Our total travelling expenses worked out at £2 4s. per head, and of this, £1 9s. represents our journey from Manchester via Grimsby to Rotterdam, with return from Antwerp. Including all the expenses, the total cost for 16 days worked out at £4 16s. per head.

But it would not have been possible to do the journey at this low figure unless we had been met all along the route by most extraordinary kindness on the part of all classes of the community, not excluding the officials. Everyone was interested in us, and there was no one whose assistance we asked in the simplest matters, but did for us over and above the measure of our asking. It is hard to give instances where every day's chronicle is crowded with them—but two must suffice.

We had reached the end of our day's march, the tents had been pitched, and the fires were going, when suddenly there burst upon us one of the severest thunderstorms we had ever experienced. Fortunately, it did not last long, but it put out our fires, it flooded our tents—we had not had time to trench them—and it reduced even the crust of our blackbread to the softness of putty. There was no house near except a lonely forest station. Two of us went up to ask the good dame's help in our need. Might we be allowed to use her stove to boil up some soup for our evening meal? This was willingly granted, but it did not end there. Immediately there were questions. "Why? how many are there of you? You must be sopping wet; you can't possibly sleep out a night like this. See, I have a large room here, and I can soon clear it out. I am sorry there isn't any straw, but at any rate you will be dry, and it's a large room, you can all get in if you squeeze." In the morning when we started off, she would not hear of any remuneration, and it was with the utmost difficulty we smuggled a silver coin into the *Sparkasse* of her only bairn. "She's as much a Samaritan as a German, is that good lady," said one of our party. "I've not been able yet to discover the difference," said our philosopher.

Another night we planned to spend at Kelkheim, the headquarters of the Co-operative Holidays Association, which is doing so much to improve relations between the two countries. To our surprise, the host of the hotel had a three-course dinner ready for us on our arrival. He insisted on our junior members sleeping in made-up beds on the drawing-room couches. He gave us a first-rate breakfast in the morning. But he refused all proffered payment. "No," he said, "it's this way: There are several gentlemen in Frankfort yonder who are taking your boys into their families. I should have liked to do the same, but you see, sir, I have no family life, and I do this instead." It is not hard to keep down the expenses when one is met by such kindness as this, but it is not easy to express the gratitude one feels, and it is not easy to exaggerate the strength of the impression which is made by such generosity on a young receptive mind.

But the climax was at Frankfort. Dr. Max Walter with his wife, two other head masters with the Consul-General, Dr. Lorey and other gentlemen and ladies, received us on arrival in the Palmengarten, and entertained us to tea. There were a few cordial speeches, and then each of our wanderbirds was taken off by one of the Musterschule boys to be his guest for the night. And so every lad in the party got what rarely falls to the lot of any hotel tourist, a glimpse into the inwardness of German home life. In the morning each of our little hosts brought his guest down to the school at half-past seven, the regular hour for opening in summer time. There was a general school assembly. Dr. Walter spoke to us in English such large, divine, and comfortable words as King Arthur spoke of old to his Knights of the Round Table. Then the school choir sang to us and, at their request, we sang to them our own school song of the Owl. Then we both sang together "Home, Sweet Home," and then the English National Anthem followed by the German. We gave them three English cheers, and they gave us "Dreimal Hoch." As we formed up in the street and marched away, every window in the building was alive with youngsters cheering as only youthful lungs can cheer. Nothing could have been heartier, nothing more inspiring.

Later in the day ten of the Musterschule boys joined us for the night and the next day's march. As we jogged on side by side through the dark and the rain, beguiling the way with the immortal ditty of John Brown; as we fraternised over the camp fire and swopped our yarns and our rations; as we lay together at night in the straw, and as we bared our heads in morning worship by an old wayside shrine in what Schiller calls "the dark sanctuary of the beeches"—we felt the oneness of our faith, and the oneness of our human nature. The comradeship of two such days as these, like their memory, will never be extinguished.

"Sir, I didn't know the Germans were such nice people," said one of our little brothers to us. That was our first day when some people on the Rhine steamer had shown a kindly interest in our proceedings. Such was the first impression. Every subsequent experience confirmed it. The total impression of gratitude and appreciation none of us, not even the youngest, has attempted to pack into a phrase. It is deeper than words.

J. L. PATON.

The Drama.

"ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH."

THE quadrilateral of theatres between St. Martin's Lane and Charing Cross Road now presents a curious and instructive spectacle, which I commend to the earnest attention of the gentlemen who are forming syndicates for the revival of the old and deleterious traffic in French plays. The two theatres on the Charing Cross Road side—Wyndham's and the Garrick—are occupied by English plays, to which the public is flock-

ing in large numbers. The two theatres on the St. Martin's Lane side—the New Theatre and the Duke of York's—are occupied by French plays, as to which I will only say that I saw them very comfortably on the third or fourth nights of their respective runs, with a pleasant sensation of being far from the madding crowd. It is always agreeable to find a sporadic audience at a French play, for it shows that the public has much better taste than the managers who cater for it. I do not pretend, of course, that the success of "The Eternal Question" gives striking proof of public taste; but the childishness which is impressed by this garish and pretentious melodrama, is, after all, an inevitable product of the particular phase of culture through which we are passing. It is a great deal better to take Mr. Hall Caine a little too seriously than to rush after third-rate French plays, divested, in the process of transplantation, of what meagre merit they may have possessed. The public has, for something like twenty years past, been gradually unlearning the habit of rushing after Parisian wares; and I fancy our speculative importers will find it very hard to re-establish the vogue of the adaptation, notwithstanding the absurd advertisement which some English papers continue to give to every petty novelty of the boulevard.

"The Crisis," at the New Theatre, need not detain us more than a moment. It is a piece of conventional French sentimentality, every character and scene in which is thoroughly familiar and commonplace. We have the plebeian hero, strong, masterful, a little uncouth, married to the shallow, snobbish aristocrat who despises and deceives him; and we have the deep, and true, and tender heroine, who appreciates him at the first glance, adores him at the second, and longs to console him for the disaster of his marriage. The problem is, of course, how to bring these two together without any detriment to their high moral character; and to this end the author has recourse to one of those sentimental-sensual situations, so much beloved by French dramatists, in which a woman's self-surrender is made to wear the appearance of self-devotion. Ultimately, of course, the husband's eyes are opened to the fact that his wife is not only unappreciative but unfaithful, and a redistribution of partners is satisfactorily effected. There is not a gleam of novelty or a touch of sincere observation in the play. It is a piece of machine-made theatricalism, a wholly uninteresting variant of a tediously familiar type. There must be a score of English plays going the round of the managers, any one of which Miss Evelyn Millard might have produced with a better chance of success.

Somewhat more interesting, in its original shape, was "Le Costand des Epinettes," by MM. Tristand Bernard and Alfred Athis, produced at the Duke of York's under the curiously irrelevant title of "A Bolt from the Blue." It is, at least, not quite commonplace, this story of the starving adventurer, bribed to kill and rob an "actress," who, on the contrary, saves her from another robber, and becomes her lover instead of her murderer. One can scarcely conceive that, even for Parisians, there can have been any particular attraction in this bizarre and improbable theme; but the three acts present pictures of manners which are certainly animated, and may have been interesting apart from the story which strings them together. There is, first, a scene in a thieves' café on the exterior boulevard; then we have a supper-party on the hundredth night of a play which is running with triumphant success to empty benches; and, finally, we pay a midnight visit to the flat of the lady before-mentioned, whose name, Irma Lurette, is a pretty good guide to her artistic and social standing. All three scenes may have, in the original, a good deal of piquancy and truth; but, in the English presentment, these qualities necessarily disappear. The thieves' slang of the first act is as untranslatable as the theatrical chatter of the second act; while the efforts of English actors to present French character-types are no less and no more ineffectual than the efforts of French actors to portray the "mœurs d'outre-manche." What remains, then? Nothing but a thin and flimsy story of crime cropping up at intervals in the midst

of a hopelessly falsified picture of manners. The third act comes off even worse than the rest; for the character of Irma, which seems in the original to be drawn with some spirit and insight, has to be expurgated and sentimentalised for British consumption.

The story of crime does not reasonably hang together. A financial potentate of some sort has left in the hands of a former mistress (Anglicé, a lady he was once engaged to) a packet of letters showing that he forged a will. He now wishes to recover them, but dares not offer to buy them back, as that would merely put Irma (she is the lady) on the track of their value. His confidential agent therefore goes to a haunt of ruffians to find someone who will murder her and carry off the letters. The first ruffian whom the agent approaches, Gabriel by name, declines the commission on the ground that he is not a lady's man, and would not cut a plausible figure at the hundredth-night supper at which it is proposed that he should make Irma's acquaintance and procure an invitation to accompany her home. Gabriel's objection is eminently well-founded; but what an imbecile agent ever to offer him the job! Meanwhile, chance brings to the café a young man of some education, named Claude Bréval, who is in the deepest depth of penury and hunger. Him the confidential agent now approaches, and, though he has not as yet committed any crime, he agrees to undertake this mission. Again, what madness to entrust such a task to an untried hand, who has served no apprenticeship even to burglary, and much less to murder! The psychological interest (such as it is) of the second act lies in Claude's tremors and vacillations of spirit at the supper-party at which he is to meet Irma. There is a rumor that she is not coming, and his spirits fly up at a bound. Then she does arrive, and he sinks again into the pit of dejection. But in all this there is really no sense. If he so loathes his employment, all he has to do is to turn round and blackmail his employers. They have placed themselves hopelessly in his hands, and have provided him with a dagger, a jemmy, and a chloroforming apparatus. If he threatened to denounce their machinations, they would certainly buy him off at a handsome figure rather than show fight. But this simple expedient does not occur to him. In spite of his sickness of spirit and jumpiness of nerve, he contrives that Irma shall invite him to accompany her home; and, as the conspirators have got her maid out of the way, they are alone in the flat. But here the English adaptor steps in and saves the proprieties by making Irma declare that, though doubtless "Bohemian" in her habits, she is not "a bad woman," and has "a foolish prejudice for remaining straight." This means that everything that makes the character real and credible in the French has to be carefully eliminated. In spite of his shrinkings and tremors, Claude is actually bracing himself up to his task, when a second criminal appears on the scene—none other than the worthy Gabriel of the first act. Why he should choose this night of all others for breaking into Irma's flat is never explained. One would imagine that a burglar would avoid a "crib" which he knew that others were determined to "crack," and in which he has no reason to expect any rich booty. But these considerations do not weigh with Gabriel, who has no sooner crept into the room than Claude springs upon him and overpowers him. The interloper being sent off empty-handed, Irma thanks Claude effusively for saving her life; whereupon he confesses that he came there with exactly the opposite intention. This confession does not impair her esteem for him, and she at once hands over the letters; so that when the banker's agent comes for them, Claude is able to fulfill one part of his contract, and to pretend that he has fulfilled the other. The agent hands him the stipulated sum of 10,000 francs; and on this capital, in the French, Claude sets forth to lead a new life, with Irma. But in England we think more nobly of human nature. Just as Irma has "a foolish prejudice for remaining straight," Claude has a foolish prejudice against living on unearned blood-money. With Irma's cordial approval, he solemnly burns the ten-thousand-franc

note, and this heroic incident brings the preposterous play to a close.

It has not even the merit of providing a good part for Miss Irene Vanbrugh. She does all that can be done with the whitewashed courtesan, but that all is very little. If the bad old traffic in French plays is to be revived, the merchants will have to be more careful in the selection of their wares. But I doubt whether any amount of care will make it really profitable. The adaptation market is a lottery in which there are few prizes and many blanks.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

Art.

TURNER.*

It is a strange piece of irony that has made of Turner, one of the least educated, the least consciously intellectual of great artists, the target of so much fine-drawn speculation, such a library of explanatory and critical apparatus. It makes one conscious of some shame to be even now adding, however slightly, to this accretion. Fortunately, the pictures remain, and may be looked at without more ado than the reading of the labels. And, indeed, there is some excuse for the extraordinary outflow of criticism which Turner's art has stimulated. The explanation lies precisely in the fact that, with great genius, Turner had a so little ordered, a so unmethodical, spirit, and that he reflects, too passively, alas, the conflicting elements of an age of singular spiritual disturbance and insecurity. Certainly, he appears as one of the most fallible of great artists, one of the greatest and most frequent sinners against good taste and purity of purpose, and yet for all that, as constantly as we rebel, we are brought back to contrite and unequivocal admiration of his sheer genius.

Such an action of submission, and such an inward recantation for past blasphemies, I certainly made on first entering the new Turner rooms at the Tate Gallery. And this change of heart was wrought, I think, very much by the extraordinary fitness of the new setting. I am not going to discuss whether or not the terms of Turner's will have been duly respected, or even whether Turner, could he give a sign, would nod approval of what has been done from his own cloudland, but I cannot doubt that Turner's reputation must gain immensely from the new arrangement, even though it is, perhaps, unfair that, if represented at all in Trafalgar Square, he should not be represented more adequately. Still, anyone whose opinion on Turner is worth conciliating will surely make the pilgrimage, still rather an unnecessarily troublesome one, to Millbank. And there, at last, Turner is glorified as the supreme symbol of British Art. The apotheosis is, perhaps, even too magnificent. The first and largest gallery is quite needlessly high. This has not only caused unnecessary expense to the generous donor, but it is positively damaging to the effect of the pictures and destructive of good illumination. The second gallery approximates, indeed, to the conditions laid down, after years of patient research by the Boston Museum Commission, as the ideal one for the perfect display of pictures. Architects should be discouraged from building handsome mausoleums to their own glory instead of serviceable galleries for the display of other artists' work, and now that the best proportions have been duly ascertained, there is no excuse for disregarding them. But, with that exception, there is nothing that one cannot unreservedly praise in the new galleries. The much-discussed red brocade background seems to me to be more than satisfactory; it is the most illuminating appreciation of Turner's color that has ever been made. One sees again and again that Turner worked up, by various gradations and along various routes, to such a red as the apex of his whole color structure. It may be that one or two pictures, and those among the best, are not so well seen. I rather think the "Frosty Morning" was more impressive in

Trafalgar Square, and, no doubt, some further adjustments in hanging may be tried. On the other hand, the majority of pictures seems, to me, to gain incalculably. The Polyphemus is a new theory. Its theatrical romanticism no longer obtrudes itself; its intense and audaciously varied colors become harmonised into a glowing and mellow radiance of magical beauty. Even the Medea, near by, that had always seemed to be one of Turner's pretentious and childish fantasies, becomes resplendent. On the whole, the new setting, with its perilous, and yet successful, approach to the obvious magnificence which always lurked in the background of Turner's imagination, makes one more tolerant of those pictures in which he gave play to his flamboyant romanticism and Byronic extravagance. For this one must be grateful, but perhaps some day Mr. MacColl will find a way to give us also an ideal setting for those pictures like the "Frosty Morning," which gratify deeper and more fruitful moods of the spirit. In the second gallery scarcely anything has suffered, and many of the latest pieces, the marvellously synthetic "Hastings," for example, come upon one with a fresh delight. Downstairs in a small room are collected some of Turner's most ambitious subject-pieces, of almost Stothardlike falsity of sentiment, but redeemed, even then, by flashes of authentic inspiration. Here I think the red background is urgently demanded, instead of the delicate gold on which the pictures now hang. Entirely successful, on the other hand, is the gallery of early unfinished pictures, dating from about 1807. Mere underpaintings as these are, the essential idea has been so clearly asserted from the outset, and is so enforced by Turner's persuasive handling, that one actually rejoices that he never carried them further.

For, perhaps, part of the secret of one's mixed feelings about Turner's art lies precisely in the fact of his curious deference to the demands of his public, a deference which led him too frequently to underline and emphasise, to amplify and delineate, long after he had said everything essential to his artistic idea.

The work of hanging has been done with great care and judgment, as was to be expected from Mr. MacColl, through whose efforts the Tate Gallery has become one of the pleasantest in England, and that in spite of the refractory nature of much of the material. In other parts of the work which this final arrangement of Turner's bequest to the nation has entailed, in the classification, sorting, dating, and identifying of the vast mass of drawings which have lain so long neglected in the basements of the National Gallery, Mr. A. J. Finberg has done the greatest service. His catalogue of the drawings shows his thoroughness and scholarship, and now he has given us in book form the critical result of his long familiarity with Turner's genius as exemplified in his drawings and sketches. It is a serious and able attempt to analyse the varying psychological conditions of Turner's creative activity. Nothing but a very genuine appreciation of Turner could have carried Mr. Finberg through his laborious undertaking, but he remains always alert and critical. His sympathy is discriminating and clear-sighted. It is a remarkably lucid and clearly reasoned statement of a very definite point of view. Mr. Finberg shows how little any idea of naturalism will explain Turner's behavior before natural appearance; how entirely and how consciously he subordinated the actual fact to the expression of his imaginative purpose. He illustrates this by a careful comparison of the first sketches done from nature in hurried, and often scarcely intelligible, symbols with the finished water-color or etching which gives the result of Turner's conscious and prolonged incubation of the germinal idea.

I find myself in general agreement with Mr. Finberg's theoretical statements of the nature and purpose of artistic expression, and yet in almost all the particular cases which he gives I find the application unsatisfactory. So far from finding the finished works richer and more complete than the first pencil scratchings done before the actual scene, they seem to me to show the first brilliant inspiration frittered away with innumerable *ad captandum* details. That Turner

*"Turner's Sketches and Drawings." By A. J. Finberg, Methuen,

shows immense skill and ingenuity in fitting together all this irrelevant material cannot be denied, but that he really heightens or enriches the central motive of the design I doubt. Mr. Finberg thinks of the pencil sketch from nature as a literal transcript, more or less mechanical, however brilliant in technique, and considers that Turner's imagination only began to work fully when he took in hand the translation of the pencil outlines into an elaborate and consciously articulated composition. To me, it seems that Turner's strongest inspiration came at the moment of vision, that at such moments he felt keenly and intensely, and the stress of emotion expresses itself in subtle adjustments of interval, in choice of accent and emphasis—that the first sketch was already no mechanical transcript of nature, but a work of imagination no less creative because it may have been largely unconscious. The best part of Turner was in this instinctive, unconscious reaction to the splendor of things seen. Before the finished drawing or engraving could be produced, Turner's more conscious mind asserted itself, and here the fallible side of his mental and emotional equipment came into play. He was cursed with the desire to produce something effective. He wanted not merely to express the thing that was in him laboring to come forth, but to impress others.

It is this vivid consciousness of the public looking over his shoulder that accounts, I believe, for the romantic *clichés*, the futile apparatus, and *staffage* with which his compositions are so often overloaded. And yet, when he forgot them, no one knew better than Turner how to go straight to the heart of things. He knew with how few elements a great design may be made. He knew almost as well as the great Chinese landscapists how to say nothing when silence tells more than speech. Above all, he was a great calligraphist. The vitality and force of his indications of the forms of mountains, trees and water has hardly ever been equalled. All this comes out in the first hurried indications, even in the more deliberate Italian drawings, and all this is too often mitigated and diluted when he began to compose, to make works of art with professional malice aforethought. That in this process he reveals his amazing wealth of stored-up knowledge, his versatility and ingenuity, one may readily grant, but he revealed also, too often, a pathetic trust in the make-believe and theatrical substitute which convict him of an imperfect grasp of the artist's point of honor.

ROGER FRY.

Present-Day Problems.

LABOR EXCHANGES AT WORK.

In these times of suspended animation with regard to the Constitutional problem, it is a relief and an encouragement to turn to one of the far-reaching achievements of the present Administration. Every student of unemployment agrees that there are two main methods of scientific attack: the breaking down of artificial barriers to full and free production on the one hand; on the other, the better organisation of industry. Tempting as the former branch of the solution undoubtedly is, this article only deals with the preliminary step taken by the State in the latter direction. In pursuance of the Act of 1909, we have already 109 Exchanges at work in big centres of population, with a central clearing-house at Caxton House, Westminster. Each Exchange has its two chief departments, one for men and boys and the other for women and girls, while "special industries" are dealt with apart from general, thus making a rough division less invidious than the distinction between skilled and unskilled. The modern single card system makes the keeping of a register a simple matter. Each applicant who calls at least once in seven days remains on the "live" register, while a longer interval removes him to the "intermediate," and a month's lapse relegates him to the "dead," unless work has been found, when he is placed among the "cancelled."

Eventually something like a continuous history of each worker's industrial career may emerge, but so far, when work has been found, the case is practically cancelled. If the same applicant returns later, he is dealt with as a new case. Here, therefore, there is scope for further development of the work of the Exchange, which should afford valuable data for further steps towards decasualisation.

In the past one of the greatest difficulties in the way of adequate treatment of unemployment has been the lack of accurate information, except in such industries as are highly organised and where unemployed benefit is systematically paid by trade unions. The Board of Trade figures deal only with some 702,522 trade unionists out of a total wage-earning population of something like twelve million persons. These figures are supplemented by returns from a number of employers in certain trades, thus enabling the Board of Trade to report rather more fully as to employment in these.

Already the operations of the Exchanges are demonstrating the need for such agencies under national control. Each month gives a larger number of vacancies notified and a larger proportion of these filled.

In June 81 per cent. of the vacancies notified were filled, reaching a total of 41,650. This excellent result is partly due to the calls made on employers to solicit orders by the superintendents of Exchanges. Several hours a day are devoted to this work. The advantages accruing to employers are numerous and obvious. Applicants are to a certain extent weeded out, the gates of works are freed from a crowd of would-be workpeople, and the frequently illicit methods of securing a preference with a foreman rendered useless. Cases have occurred of an employer failing to get an adequate number of hands by advertising. This is particularly the case with regard to girls, who seem to have an invincible repugnance to making an application in writing. A call at an Exchange every day and a visit to an employer with a card of introduction are far more congenial methods to many women and girls, and in some cases to men as well.

To the applicant the advantages are perhaps even more substantial. The weary tramp, the undignified scramble, the ignorance of demand—all are obviated. Interviews with employers can, when desired, take place at the Exchange, while better understanding and better planning out of work must result from the Advisory Committees now being formed, consisting of workpeople and employers in equal proportions.

To the parent wondering how best to place a boy or girl leaving school, the Exchange officers can give information and advice, while Advisory Committees, formed in conjunction with education authorities, care committees, and philanthropic agencies, such as apprenticeship and skilled employment associations, are gradually linking up the home, the school, and the workshop to form that "Arbeitsvermittlung" for which the English language seems to have no equivalent, and hitherto the industrial system no counterpart. It will be necessary in this matter for the Exchanges to walk warily, and to make the utmost use of the special knowledge and affection which the schoolmaster has at his disposal in the interests of boys for whom he has a regard. In time we may hope that a systematic attack can be made on the "blind alley" type of employment for boys and girls, a fruitful cause of early unemployment and of youthful thieving and gambling. Notices are posted on the windows of Exchanges asking boys and girls to enter their names directly they leave school, and it is much to be hoped that ere long such entries may be made before the actual date of leaving school.

The choice of a career, the training for the same, the finding of suitable work, and the supervision of the youthful worker are all branches of organisation in which ample scope is afforded for voluntary assistance.

It is too soon to estimate the effect the Exchanges will have on wages. While they tend to provide employers with a ready supply of labor, and thus might be expected to lower the rate of pay, they at the same time provide valuable information to the workers as to

the different rates obtained for practically identical work. Women seem frequently to take lower wages than necessary through ignorance or timidity. Investigators find considerable variations in payment in such trades as boxmaking, and, although it is no part of the work of the Exchange to alter wages, the tendency is rather to standardise rates. It is neither intended nor desired that the Exchanges should interfere with the work of trade unions in this respect; indeed, the whole question of the relationship of the Exchanges to the trade unions must be carefully watched. The case of sweated industries scheduled for treatment under the Trade Boards Act is different, and the greater ease in getting workpeople experienced by employers using the Exchange and offering the best wages must act as an encouragement to the type of employer whose generosity is often the outcome of better management. The Advisory Committees, too, will be invaluable in forming Trade Boards in industries, such as tailoring and boxmaking, which are widely distributed, and hence far more difficult to deal with than localised trades, such as chainmaking and lace and net finishing. To prevent any misunderstanding as to the relation of the Exchange to the question of wages, special prominence is now being given to the Regulation IV. (3), which runs as follows:—

"No person shall suffer any disqualification or be otherwise prejudiced on account of refusing to accept employment found for him through a Labor Exchange when the ground of refusal is that a trade dispute which affects his trade exists, or that the wages offered are lower than those current in the trade in the district where the employment is found."

A workman going to a distance to fill a vacancy may have travelling expenses advanced, and these have to be repaid out of wages, care being taken that the wages earned are those current in the district.

An interesting development of the Exchange has been made in the Western Counties of Devon, Somerset, and Cornwall, in which offices have been opened in market towns on market days for the convenience of farmers and others attending the markets. In quite remote villages, the post-offices, where business is usually slack, are to be utilised as places for registration of applicants. Strict injunctions are given to superintendents, however, not to attract rural workers from the country into the towns. The reverse process is favored wherever practicable, and explains the somewhat astonishing advertisement seen one day by the writer of this article in the window of an Exchange in High Street, Whitechapel, for farm hands, able to milk and with recent experience of farm work.

The men and women selected to take charge of the Exchanges are, as far as the present writer's experience goes, in themselves a guarantee of the successful working of this humane and practical experiment; the entire absence of official pomposity, of the hard, unsympathetic tone which too often goes with the organised charity in which the organisation seems to have succeeded in obliterating the charity, and the friendly human, and withal businesslike, manner of men and women alike, from Caxton House to the busy branch office near the famous "Elephant," make strong appeal to employers and workers.

The darker side of the picture is to be found in the entries of those for whom no work can be found, that pathetic residuum for whom other treatment than any yet devised by our Poor Law is necessary. Maintenance and training seem the only methods likely to be effective here, and far-reaching schemes for such treatment have been outlined by Mrs. Sidney Webb and her colleagues in the Minority Report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Law. This sorting-out, which must precede any scientific attempt to work out such schemes, is, at any rate in part, being performed by Labor Exchanges, so that even in this respect the outlook is hopeful. A great stride has been taken. May the many other schemes of this memorable administration meet with corresponding interest, intelligent co-operation, and their natural result—success!

ISABEL EDWARDS.

Letters to the Editor.

TRADE UNIONISM AND THE OSBORNE JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The gravity of the situation in which the Osborne judgment has placed both the Trade Union movement and national politics is one that it is hardly impossible to overestimate. But I venture to hope that *THE NATION* will hesitate before finally adopting the course which is apparently indicated by your leading article of September 10th as the inevitable remedy for a situation which all friends of democracy must regard as intolerable. It must be frankly admitted, as you urge, that payment of members and of election expenses by the State will not remove the difficulty, although it will in many ways make national politics more democratic. It is clearly needful to permit trade union organisations to expend money on political action in the interest of their members, and to this extent the law laid down by the Osborne judgment must be amended. At present it is illegal, apparently, for a trade union even to expend money in circularising candidates, or in defraying the expenses of representatives who may be sent to interview members of Parliament while legislation affecting the working classes is in progress. But while advocates of the complete reversal of the Osborne judgment speak of it as robbing the trade unions of powers which they have exercised for the past forty years without question, they ignore the fact that during the last few years a wholly new position has been created by the formation of a definite political party largely supported by trade union funds, although the men who provided those funds were many of them fundamentally opposed to it.

A Liberal or Conservative member of a union had the alternative of losing his status as a workman and all share in union benefits, and even losing the chance of work, unless he paid a levy in support of a member of Parliament pledged to oppose his views on national questions of great importance.

The formation of sectional political trade unions by aggrieved minorities is no remedy for this; even were they able to assert their position alongside the original trade union, their existence would divide the forces of labor and tend to constant friction. The main difficulty of the present position undoubtedly lies in the party pledge. If a miners' representative, to take a concrete instance, was prepared, on matters affecting his union, to represent his members' interests, ought he to be compelled to do more than this? Why cannot he be left free to sit as a Socialist, a Liberal, a Conservative, or an Independent? The members of a trade union are united by economic and industrial interests, but are largely divided on other political issues. Is it just that a majority vote should override the views of a strong minority, who entered the trade union at a time when such action was not thought of? Granted that we obtain payment of members and of election expenses, if the law were amended to permit the organisation of the unions to be utilised for a voluntary levy for political purposes, and if the general funds of the unions could also be used for the promotion of legislation strictly affecting industrial conditions, would not it be possible for the Labor Party to continue its existence without creating the sense of injustice that is undoubtedly felt by many trade unionists at present? It is said that if the levy be voluntary it will be left unpaid for selfish reasons of economy. This argument surely implies a profound distrust in the strength of the growing political self-consciousness of the working-classes. Even though there should be a momentary difficulty, it is one which could be overcome, as it has been by other democratic parties. A more serious objection is the fear that a voluntary levy might become an instrument in the hands of discontented men for penalising leaders whose advice or action was distasteful to them. This objection might, however, be met by pooling the levies into a central fund.

I have not alluded to the grave constitutional considerations raised by Lord Shaw in his judgment, but even those who cannot accept his view that the principles of representative government are endangered by the present Labor Party

pledge, must feel that the whole question calls for most careful thought on the part of our statesmen.

We have yet to discover a solution which will permit trade unions to undertake political activities while respecting the convictions of the minority of their members—a solution which will allow the Parliamentary Labor Party to develop along its own lines, while maintaining the essential responsibility of a member to his constituents and not to any outside authority.—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

September 14th, 1910.

THEOLOGY AND THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Professor Lake is scarcely warranted, I think, in saying that "theology in practice has come to mean the science of religion." In his letter, published in your last issue (p. 840), he deliberately uses these terms as if they were interchangeable, preferring his own definition of theology to the current etymological one of "the science of God."

Theology may be thought of comprehensively as covering the whole University curriculum proper to that department, or it may be restricted to a special and clearly defined study which attempts to give an exposition of our knowledge of God and divine things. It is in the latter sense, plainly, that Professor Lake employs the name; he rebukes the theologian for being a man who "confines himself to criticising the documents written by dead men and preserved in dead languages," whereas "if we want to make theology live, we must study life."

It is doubtful if theology, in its more limited significance, will ever establish its claim to be known as a science. Certainly, regarded as an independent branch of study, it has not yet reached the "science" stage. It does anything but base its conclusions on facts. Its teaching, in large part, consists in the definition of dogmas. With one exception, its chief "facts" are assumptions. Its supreme and central fact, the existence of God, is an assumption; the Bible opens, not with an authoritative declaration of this truth, but with the frank assumption of it. Its doctrine of the immortality of the soul is an assumption. Moreover, in the interpretations of its "facts," theologians differ widely. Though candid and honorable men, they may be found standing, when engaged in this particular task, as remote from each other as the poles. "The basis of the rebuilding of theology must be found," writes Professor Lake, "in the facts of religious experience"; but these foundations are likely to prove unstable and elusive, and quite as subject to honest differences of estimate as are some of the "facts" already referred to. It is true that, by courtesy, we speak of theology as a science; but that claim cannot successfully be maintained, and there are not many to-day who would seriously attempt to defend it.

But Professor Lake's suggestion, if accepted, would needlessly confuse theology with the science of religion—which is an entirely different study. Ambiguities in terminology should be avoided. It is because—as Professor Lake himself admits—theology has hitherto ignored its responsibility (if it be a science) of basing its teaching upon "facts," that the founding of the science of religion became absolutely imperative. This is a study of very recent origin, whereas theology is as old as man. The former branch of inquiry is strictly scientific, as regards alike its materials, its methods, and its aims: theology, on the other hand, is still "investigating ancient theories," and using carefully constructed arguments for securing *a priori* ends.

If there is one thing more than another to which the student of the science of religion stands inevitably opposed, it is to the old "systematised" theology, in all its forms. As all men know, and as his present communication proves afresh, Professor Lake himself is also opposed to all such unwarranted dogmatism. For that very reason, it is all the more to be regretted that, by the slip of a hastily driven pen, two studies which in reality have very little in common should have been declared to be one and the same.

With the general tenor of Professor Lake's article, I heartily agree.—Yours, &c.,

LOUIS H. JORDAN.

Oxford, September 10th. 1910.

"THE DECLINE OF NONCONFORMITY."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is extremely interesting to one whose knowledge of Mr. Clement Shorter has been confined to his literary activities to find him suggesting, as a professed Nonconformist, reasons for the decline in Nonconformity. The responsible leaders of the Free Church will doubtless receive gladly any advice which makes for the success of their cause, and for the removal of the condition of religious slackness from which they, in common with all the churches, are at present suffering.

I am not concerned with the state of affairs to which Mr. Shorter calls attention, except to observe that his knowledge seems based upon an altogether inadequate observation of current facts. The experiences of the last generation and the conditions of Nonconformist life in a village are scarcely a sufficient foundation upon which to build an arraignment of present-day Nonconformity.

It is rather with the remedy which Mr. Shorter proposes at the conclusion of his letter that I should like to deal. The means by which Nonconformity is to be recovered from its parlous condition is the abolition of its missionary enterprise. It would be interesting to know whether it is as "a Nonconformist," or "something more," that Mr. Shorter makes this remedial suggestion. For missionary enterprise is not confined to the Nonconformist Churches, and it is certainly not least successful among them, whatever its reputed failures may be. That which makes a church missionary is not its conception of church government, but its Christianity. If it were possible to eliminate Jesus Christ and the Gospel from the life of the Church, there might then be an end to the missionary propaganda; but at the same time there would be an end to something more. If Christian missions are a "misdirected energy," then the whole mission and energy of the Christian faith from Christ to modern Nonconformity is also misdirected and needs reviewing. Mr. Shorter may think so, but it will scarcely be his allegiance to Jesus Christ (which is a greater thing than Nonconformity, though comprehending it, and is also the fact from which Christian missions proceed) which leads him to this conclusion.

More than everything else, Nonconformity cannot afford to revert to the period of its history when it had only to care for its own existence, and when its interest as a Christian institution was not concerned with the world as a mission field. Mr. Shorter's suggestion, if carried out, would ring the death-knell, not only of Nonconformity, but of any church which accepted it.

The question is not one of failure or success in India or elsewhere, nor does this statement of it assert that there is no need for a revision of methods of missionary work. With the suggestion that missionary societies by their statistics, and returning missionaries with their flowing oratory, make it their business to deceive the public I, as a missionary, would prefer not to deal. If Mr. Shorter will be good enough to give some detailed information concerning the "impartial sources" to which he refers in condemnation of the misdirected energies of missions, that matter can be dealt with on the merits of the actual facts. As it is left by him in his interesting and provocative letter, the charge is too anonymous to demand further attention.—Yours, &c.,

NELSON BITTON.

Cambridge, September 12th, 1910.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article on "The Future of the Churches" and "The Clergy's Debt to William James" must have been read with very great interest by many of your readers. But as a Nonconformist, and one firmly convinced of the spiritual mission of Nonconformity, I read with exceptional interest the letter of Mr. Clement Shorter, whose name counts for something in the realm of literature, but who evidently knows far more of "the Brontës" than of English Nonconformity. I read over his letter on the Saturday afternoon to a shrewd Lancashire woman, who has lived most of her life in one of our large manufacturing towns of Lancashire. Brought up in the Episcopalian Church, she now worships in one of our Nonconformist ones, when health permits, and knows from experience the manifold religious activities of both the Free and Estab-

lished Churches. When I had finished the letter, she said, "Where has that gentleman been brought up?"

Near to me there has come to live a retired Baptist minister. He has held a pastorate in a country place in the West Riding of Yorkshire for 35½ years, and to him I gave a synopsis of Mr. Shorter's letter, and he asked the same question in almost the same words: "Wherever has Clement Shorter lived?" And he might well ask the question after his own experience, for his life and that of the village have been woven together as warp and woof for all those years. I have a personal key of his life and activity there. In order to help the young men, he carried on for years classes in shorthand, English literature, elocution, and I do not know what beside, in addition to many vigorous spiritual activities. There are other cases of similar character crowding my mind as I write. No doubt there are isolated cases of Nonconformist idleness and indifference such as Mr. Shorter mentions, but to judge of English Nonconformity by such cases would be as unjust as to judge of the life of Oliver Cromwell by the wart upon his nose. To mention an incident from my own experience, we had for years in connection with a Bible-class, of which I was a member, a Ruskin class, which met after the Bible lesson was over. There may be serious defects in our Free Church life, but to speak of our inactivity and finding "no trace of active work among the people," and implying that that is characteristic of Nonconformist life, in our villages at least, if not in our towns and cities, is a revelation of ignorance. Most of the Nonconformist places, at any rate in Lancashire and Yorkshire, are beehives of industry in the winter months, and the young people have no need to go elsewhere for social life.

Mr. Shorter speaks of a tyranny that Nonconformity has to answer for. Well, sir, I remember the days Mr. Shorter refers to. I went to chapel and school, and I had not to be sent; but I should never have known they were days of tyranny if Mr. Shorter had not told us. They were, in our house, to all of us, the best and brightest of days. Round the Sunday-school gather some of the most tender and pleasant memories, and after a fairly wide experience and knowledge of life among the working-class people of Lancashire and Yorkshire, I say deliberately that life would be very dull and dreary to multitudes were it not for the varied activities connected with our Nonconformist churches—the Band of Hope meetings, the Christian Endeavor meetings, the Literary Society meetings, the social evenings, and, to the ladies, even the sewing meetings, all of which are in addition to those agencies of a distinctively spiritual character. I say "spiritual character," for I entirely disagree with you in the article on "The Future of Our Churches," where you speak of Nonconformist bodies existing for social and political ends. These are merely by-products in a process making for other and higher ends—the spiritual transformation of life and character. Nonconformity produces a type of character which makes itself felt in both the social and political life of the nation, but these are not the ends of its existence.

As to the original point of Mr. Shorter's letter, "The Decline of Nonconformity," is it right to make the one point of membership of the Church the only and final standard of prosperity or failure, increase or decline? Multitudes do not know what constitutes membership in many of our Free Churches, do not know the difference between a man who worships in a Baptist chapel and one who is a member of a Baptist church. There are many cases where the nominal membership, say, of a Baptist church gives no idea of the strength of a cause, or of the number of adherents, either young or old, and is no measure of the church's influence upon the life of the community. Many to-day are less ready than in the old days to become actual members of our churches, but are as true Nonconformists as their fathers. One of the things that impresses me as I move amongst men and women associated with our Free Churches, many of them not actual members (I only wish they were, for their influence, I am confident, would be increased), is the way in which men are endeavoring to manifest the spirit and mind of Christianity in their daily business life, to do justly and love mercy, often under trying circumstances. The next few years will probably bring many changes in relation to Church organisation and orders of service, and

all that concerns what one might call the religious machinery. Some may see in these changes "the decline of Nonconformity," but I, for one, see the growing Kingship of Christ among men, and this, as Free Churches, is the true end of our existence.—Yours, &c.,

MORTON GLEDHILL.

Ansdel, September 13th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Clement Shorter is very misleading and inaccurate. It begins with a *supplicatio veri* in the matter of figures. Mr. Shorter gives us the Baptist, Congregationalist, and Wesleyan membership for the last three years. Why does he take three years? Had he taken the years before the Welsh Revival and compared them with the latest figures, he would have seen not a decrease, but a *steady growth*, in each of the Free Churches. Thus from 1903 the Baptists have increased their membership from 388,357 to 422,455, the Congregationalists from 1905 theirs from 462,678 to 495,170, the Wesleyans theirs from 484,879 to 488,595. Here, surely, is no question of decrease and decline, but of progress and growth. Hence the rest of Mr. Shorter's letter is an attempt to explain that which is non-existent. It would be far better if a *littérateur* like Mr. Shorter would confine himself to that of which he has real knowledge, and not attempt to write on that of which he is confessedly ignorant. Those who have left Nonconformity cannot expect to understand her as she really is.—Yours, &c.,

OKONIENSIS.

September 14th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Shorter's interesting letter on "The Decline in Nonconformity," in your last week's number, raises larger issues than the title connotes, since his remarks apply to all sections of Christendom.

With more or less assumption of authority, each of these is based on creeds drawn directly, or inferentially, from documents which, although for the larger part of unknown authorship and often of disputed meaning, are commonly held to be, or to contain, a divine revelation. Barely a couple of generations ago belief in those creeds was held to be essential to salvation. They comprised, among others, the doctrine of an atonement as the satisfaction of a Father's anger by the transfer of punishment for sin to an innocent Son, Himself of "one substance" with the thus placated; the doctrine of a physical resurrection of the body, and of the eternal torture of the wicked, who, throughout their lives, had been the victims of demons let loose by the permission of Omnipotence to tempt them to their ruin.

Sir, this was the teaching of my boyhood. What is the teaching now? The passage of sixty years has been attended by the ignoring or rejection of these and other "fundamentals" of "the faith once delivered to the saints." And that the like fate awaits the remainder, shrunken and anemic as they are, cannot be matter of doubt. They have ceased to interest, or to be treated seriously by, the "light half-believers of our casual creeds." And since neither hopes nor fears dominate the people, the clergy are driven to other and lower, because materialistic, agencies. The dissolution of dogma throws them upon rite and ceremony to maintain their challenged authority. Hence, the prominence given to Holy Communion and insistence on its place as the supreme rite. Hence, too, the devices of advertisement practised by Dissenters to draw an unwilling, pleasure-loving crowd to chapel. If, through the disintegrating action of the scientific spirit, and through the application of the scientific—that is, the comparative—method, whereby the claims of Christianity to be a religion differing wholly in kind, and not merely in degree, from other religions are proved invalid, Theology has become moribund, is the future of Religion imperilled?

I think not. The greater and the permanent has suffered grievously through sacerdotal confusion of it with the lesser and fleeting. But Religion, fount and home of wonder, was before all theologies, and will survive, even stronger, when these are relegated to the limbo of illusion. And the Churches will maintain their hold upon the people only in the degree that they slough off the whole body of

dogma, and make appeal to the emotions through the manifold sources whence they derive their nourishment and wholesome action.

I do not agree with Mr. Shorter that a solution of the problem lies in the transfer of missionary energy from centres abroad to "English soil." That an enormous body of misspent energy, both here and abroad, awaits wise diversion is unquestioned.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD CLODD.

Stratford House, Aldeburgh, Suffolk,
September 14th, 1910.

THE CONDEMNATION OF THE "SILLON."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Catholics must all dissent from the view that there is an essential difference between the policy of Pius X. and that of Leo XIII.

The principles laid down by both Pontiffs with regard to Liberty, Democracy, Society, and the State, and the relations of Catholics thereto, are identical.

I wish, most sincerely, that all those who take the trouble to think about such matters would read the Encyclical letter of Pius X. on the "Sillon." One may or may not agree with it or with the principles laid down, but that the document contains a closely reasoned argument, is clear and logical, and embodies the theories which are acted upon by all civilised Governments to-day cannot be gainsaid.

It certainly bears no trace of that "blundering fanaticism" which your polite correspondent, Mr. Dell, tells us is embodied in the Head of the Catholic Church.

Let me protest, then, against the travesties of Catholic principles and of the Catholic doctrines laid down in the Encyclical on the "Sillon," which Mr. Dell presents to your readers.

Your correspondent was himself for a brief time a Catholic, but I deny that this incursion into the Church gave him any title to pose as an authority on Catholic matters.

Although apostasy is liable to produce virulence, even then Mr. Dell's declared decision to join hands with all the enemies of the Church in an attempt to destroy her might still have been taken without describing the venerable Head of two or three hundred millions of Christians as a "blundering fanatic." But that is a matter of taste, I suppose.

Now, as to the doctrines laid down in the Encyclical, your correspondent makes various assertions that are not in accordance with truth.

(a) It is not true that the Church claims a paramount authority over the State. Neither Leo XIII. nor Pius X. has ever said so. On the contrary, they have both stated the Catholic doctrine, that the State is older than the Church; that each has its proper sphere; that neither is to be subservient to the other.

So much for misrepresentation number one.

(b) It is not true that the Papacy claims absolute obedience in political affairs. When Leo XIII. advised the Catholics of France to accept the Republic, he did not give an order. He counselled; he did not command. The fact that a great number of French Catholics did not follow the advice given is the clearest proof that it was no more than advice—I think good advice—but certainly not an order, coming from one who claimed, as of right, to be implicitly obeyed in this matter. This fact is known to all the world and cannot, by any vehemence of assertion, be altered.

Misrepresentation number two.

(c) There is not, in any true sense of the term, a condemnation of real Democracy in this Encyclical or in any Papal Encyclical.

I observe that the conception of "true Democracy" set forth by your correspondent consists in the postulate "All authority comes from the people and derives its claim to respect from the consent of the governed." Of course, this is a hypothesis—an assumption. It is something that defies proof. One might say a great deal about it. For instance, "No one who does not give his consent to the powers that be is called upon to respect or obey the authority they exercise." "Obedience to an authority not created by consent is slavery." "As we are all born subject to various authorities—parental, political, and so forth—about which we are not

even consulted, we are all in a state of bondage." "True democracy demanding liberty, we are all bound to rebel against this enforced slavery." And so on.

Do not all these follow if the original thesis is sound? Yet, strange and amazing position of affairs, no State has ever been created or carried on on this principle. "Consent," as a matter of fact, is generally nothing more than "acquiescence," which again may be fairly described as "impotence." See Ireland, India, Poland, Finland. Or, again, see the "consent" which German Socialists give to their Government. Or see Paris on May Day and look for the "consent" in the massed troops ready to enforce Authority, whether the people like it or not. Or see, even in this country, the "consent" of the Tories to the present Government. But why go on?

"Government by consent" is merely a nebulous phrase. The thing does not exist and cannot possibly exist, if by "consent" we are to understand a considered adhesion, by every citizen, to a particular form of Government, with a full and free opportunity for the exercise of an alternative choice.

But Democracy, I gather, means something to Mr. Dell and to those who think with him, which seems to exclude from the world that for which the Holy See stands—namely, God and His authority. This is, indeed, a poor, purblind view of Democracy, and out of harmony with the nature of man. Such is the Catholic postulate, and, up till now, that postulate is, at least, as good as the other to which I have referred.

After all, the State, Human Society, Social Order, even "Liberty," "Equality," and "Fraternity," have been all thought of, worked for, aimed at, and even realised at times, before the great days of Mr. Dell and "those who think with him."

Let us see what the Catholic Church has to say on these questions of Authority and Democracy; for round these questions the conflict rages.

We have already had the "true" Democratic postulate, which means "light" and "progress," we are told. Is the thesis of the Catholic Church all "darkness" and "retrogression"? Here it is. The Popes declare that authority is from God, that those who exercise it may be chosen or elected by the people—by all the people. (Even women are not debarred, and the Catholic Church does not condemn universal suffrage.) It is essential that this authority must be used justly towards all men. If it is misused, those who exercise it may be deposed and others put in their places. Catholics participate in such actions constantly.

Is this, then, such a terrible creed? How does it strike at Liberty? In what way is it opposed to true Democracy? That is to say, how can the other "system" be shown to give a fuller and freer scope to Democracy than that of which the Catholic Church approves, and for approving which she is to be crushed out of existence as the "foe" of freedom and progress and liberty?

Perhaps, as the subject is so complicated, you will allow me a little more space next week to develop my point?—Yours, &c.,

THE EDITOR, "CATHOLIC HERALD."

September 13th, 1910.

THE LAND-TAX RETURNS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—As an old admirer of THE NATION, may I say that I do not think you take "B. C. H.'s" letter in quite the right way in your note? The fact that valuation is not "a continually recurring matter" does not excuse the blundering of the Government in the issue of the valuation forms.

As a strong advocate of land valuation, I, with many other Liberals, cannot easily forgive this slovenly work that has placed us at a disadvantage with our opponents.

Surely Mr. Lloyd George's practice as a solicitor must have taught him the difficulty of finding out the exact charges on any particular piece of land, and, with town property divided up frequently as it often is, the difficulty of finding out the cost of portions even after recent sales.

He seems to have been under the blissful idea that the forms would flow in supplying the data on which a staff of

clerks could work out valuations on an agreed formula. To send out forms in a haphazard fashion from the rate books without ascertaining to what they referred seems particularly careless.

The result will be 70 to 80 per cent. of appeals and a harvest for the lawyers.

I see some tendency to put the blame on the House of Lords, but, although they may be responsible for the delay, they are not for this slovenly work.

Why, in the name of common sense, cannot this delicate operation be managed with some tact and care? The Chancellor seems to have forgotten that Parliament decided that the nation should pay the cost of the valuation.

I sincerely hope that steps are being taken to remedy this state of things.—Yours, &c.,

J. BUSH WALL.

Clifton, September 6th, 1910.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—You very properly say, in an editorial note, "The nation has to learn a lesson in the meaning of land values," but as a valuer in a small way, and as one whose business brings me into touch with men engaged in trade and commerce, I can confidently say that a great many of such as are mulcted in fines in the shape of rates and taxes on buildings and improvements are very much alive to the meaning of land values, thanks to Mr. Lloyd George and his plain speaking. To give an instance amongst many. I have a pile of "Forms" brought by one with large land and building (developed) interests for us to get out the area of land in each case only. The rest of the required details are filled carefully and honestly by himself, and the job had been a real pleasure to him. He looks to a time not far distant when we shall get a freer and more equitable system of rating and taxing.

Your Norfolk correspondent should get in touch with industrial centres, and his fears of an early general election would be lessened, if not entirely dispelled.—Yours, &c.,

"RED ROSE."

September 13th, 1910

THE TOWN-PLANNING CONFERENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Much of the actual work of preparing the town-planning schemes provided for under the new Act will fall within the scope, not of the great corporations, but of the borough and urban district councils. It is, therefore, of the first importance that these authorities should avail themselves of the singular advantages offered by the Conference, which will be held in London from October 10th to 15th, for the study, not only of the history of the subject, but also of the examples which will be presented of the architectural methods adopted in other countries as well as in our own.

The Local Government Board will, I am informed, be prepared to sanction such reasonable expenditure out of the rates, subject to Government audit, as may be entailed by the attendance of representatives at this Conference, provided that not more than three members of an authority attend officially, one of whom should be the architect or surveyor.

The Royal Institute of British Architects has not hesitated to incur very heavy expenditure in the fulfilment of what it considers to be a public duty, by organising the Conference and bringing together the great collection of drawings and models which will be exhibited at the Royal Academy. It must necessarily be very long before the circumstances can recur which have rendered it possible to make the present arrangements, and the Royal Institute asks that all those who are responsible for the administration of the Town Planning Act of 1909 will support it in the effort which it is making for the public good, and send their applications for membership of the Conference to me without delay.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN W. SIMPSON, F.R.I.B.A.,

9, Conduit Street, Secretary-General.
Regent Street, London, W.,

September 14th, 1910.

THE LETTER "P."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—One is pleased that "P" has taken up his pen in self-protection.

He somewhat departs from the original theme under discussion, in that he bases his claims to consideration more upon association of ideas than on personal prettiness.

It is no doubt extremely difficult to dissociate beauty of suggestion from beauty of sound, or vice versa—e.g., to me Swinburne's line,

"Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,"

brings to my mind rather an image of a good little boy exhorting his little sick sister to take her physic without further fuss than that of a joyous bird darting through the morning air, a quintessence of vitality, thus showing his kinship to the poet. Again, certain Christian names are beautiful or hateful to us by reason of their early association with a beloved friend or a nursery tyrant.

As for the possibly assonant merits of poor "P," according to Stevenson there is something to be said for them. You may remember that in his essay on "The Technical Elements of Style," he touches on the grace of "that almost inseparable group, "P," "O," and "F," and the *raison d'être* of the presence of "p" in the description of Cleopatra's barge, which the writer of the article upon "P's" and "V's" in last week's NATION seems to deplore.

Deplore! There is a beautiful word with a "p" in it! Deblore, apart from comic associations, would be crude, heavy; deplore might possibly be too soft and sighing. There is a dash of poignancy in the "p," just as elsewhere the daintier labial suits the temperament of the word better than the stronger variation.

Undoubtedly there is much character in "P"—"Papa," potato, poultry, prunes, and prism," with which incantation our grandmothers composed their lips into becomingness! Pert, pure, pragmatic—how these lend themselves to a certain self-satisfaction! Did we not, as children, import a certain animism into our first attempts, with or without tears, at reading? Had not "g" an angry little face, and did not "o" smile on us, inviting us to fill it in with two dots and two strokes, one perpendicular, one horizontal, making him a jolly little man?

Psychic researches into the alphabet might be quite entertaining, if not edifying.—Yours, &c.,

ISOBEL HECHT.

September 10th, 1910.

[We are obliged to hold over a valuable letter, signed "Solicitor," on the working of the land taxes.—Ed.]

Poetry.

SHAME.

I WAS ashamed, I dared not lift my eyes,
I could not bear to look upon the skies.

What I had done, sure, everybody knew.

From everywhere hands pointed where I stood,

And scornful eyes were piercing through and through
The moody armor of my hardihood.

I heard their voices too—each word an asp
That buzz'd and stung me sudden as a flame:
And all the world was jolting on my name,
And now and then I heard a wicked rasp
Of laughter, jarring me to deeper shame.

And then I looked, and there was no one nigh,
No eyes that stabbed like swords or glinted sly;
No laughter creaking on the silent air
And then I found that I was all alone
Facing my soul, and next I was aware
That this mad mockery was all my own.

JAMES STEPHENS.

Reviews.

REVOLT AND ASPIRATION.*

It is a fairly acceptable commonplace of criticism that a period is likely to inscribe its obvious mental and spiritual characteristics more plainly in its lesser poetry than in its greater. No man, of course, can wholly escape his time; but vehement genius, though not always with intention, is apt to flout prevailing tempers and notions, and to present them, therefore, frequently in an indirect or even distorted manner. In minor poetry, however, free from such disconcerting cross-currents, the average introspection of the age is portrayed with tolerable faithfulness. It may be said, indeed, that, while no age can possibly deserve whatever great poetry it produces, every age has the minor poetry it deserves. We have now one or two poets—and they are our finest poets—who almost seem to ignore the flux of the present time; but there is no escaping it in our minor poetry. Much of this is very commendable for technical qualities; but it is matter for some discomfort to find it so persistently playing its vague tunes of revolt and vaguer tunes of aspiration. Revolt and aspiration are not, certainly, things in themselves which any sane person would object to in poetry; but the vagueness of it all, the revolt so curiously ineffective, the aspiration so curiously uncertain of itself, and the feeling that such poetry is, after all, probably what we deserve—these are rather disturbing. However, we are not just here concerned with speculation as to the general profit we are likely to derive from the prevailing sentiments of aspiration and revolt, reflected in so much of our minor verse. The probable ultimate effect of these sentiments, or their failure of effect, on the man on the office-stool and the girl in the tea-shop may be left to those who delight in such disputation. The vagueness, the ineffectiveness, of which we spoke must be taken as referring entirely to æsthetic considerations; for these sentiments, far from bracing and stiffening the poetic manner of the time, as we might expect them to do, infect our minor verse as a whole with a queer and lamentable listlessness of style. Aiming at subtle and elusive qualities, contemporary verse-makers usually manage to hit only a form that seems perpetually on the verge of dissolution. But the most subtle and elusive poetry always has been, and always will be, poetry most rigorous in form; look only at Heine and Catullus for instances.

Mr. Visiak's ballads might seem at the outset to contradict our accusation of listlessness. Choosing as his symbol of revolt that mythical creature, the Buccaneer, he has certainly contracted his sentiments into something tangible and comprehensible, and something which is also rather stirring. For this reason, these "Buccaneer Ballads," vivid and objective as they mostly are, stand out pleasantly in the contemporary mass of subjective vagueness. But the pleasure is only comparative. The truth is that the supposed buccaneer with whom poets and romancers deal is a thing so utterly remote, not only from the experience of this age, but from the experience of any age whatever, that we can only feel the briefest flash of interest in him. One soon wearies, too, of the artificial seaman's lingo which Mr. Visiak audaciously employs to give his ballads an air of adventurous vigor. There is no excuse for this sort of stuff:—

"Get out! ye ligan landman,
Your noddle 'ead a-bob,
A-tellin' you'd go nearer!
Go, batten down your gob!"

This is the more surprising here, since Mr. Masfield, who writes an admirable introduction for Mr. Visiak's book, has

* "Buccaneer Ballads." By E. H. Visiak. With an introduction by John Masfield. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

"Songs from London." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

"In the Net of the Stars." By F. S. Flint. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.

"The Quest." By Dorothea Hollins. Williams & Norgate. 4s. 6d. net.

"Poems." By Leonard Shoobridge. Lane. 3s. 6d. net.

"A Son of Cain." By James A. Mackereth. Longmans, Green & Co. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Wanderer, and Other Poems." By Henry Bryan Binns. Fife. 1s. net.

"Home Once More, and Other First Poems." By Hedley V. Storey. Shelley Book Agency, Oxford. 3s. 6d. net.

given us ballads which should serve as models for all future poetisings of the Spanish Main.

In Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's medley of good poetry and very bad verse, called "Songs from London," the current sentiments of aspiration and dissatisfaction are not too patently mentioned; but they are obvious enough if you look for them. They are at their worst, as far as æsthetic result is concerned, in the three poems which begin the book. It is difficult to be patient with writing of such nebulous subjectivity, such a deliberate attempt, as it would seem, to be impressively subtle by stringing loose, cloudy thoughts on to loose, ambling blank-verse and quatrain, helped out by dots and dashes. This is the style:—

"Tho' you're in Rome you will not go, my You,
Up to that Hill. . . . I have forgot the name,
Aventine? Pincio? No, I never knew.
I was there yesterday. You never came.
I have that Rome; and you, you have a Me.
You have a Rome, and I, I have my You."

Maundering is hardly too severe a word for that; the whole poem is a maundering aspiration, a discontent which hardly seems certain what to be discontented about.

Discontent does much better in a quite pretty, not very original poem, called "Finchley Road," but the few poems in which this note does not sound are by far the best in Mr. Hueffer's book; they are plainly artificial, but they have some hardness of outline and some perceptible tune. There is an agreeable clattering sort of air in such a verse as this:—

"There was an old man had a broken hat,
He had a crooked leg, an old tame cat,
An old lame horse that cropped along the hedge,
And an old song that set your teeth on edge."

The best thing Mr. Hueffer here gives us, though it is perhaps the most artificial, is a sequence called "Everyman"; various personages herein announce themselves "rulers of all kings," and give very good reasons for the assertion. "The Blacksmith" will serve as a specimen:—

"I am the ruler of all Kings,
This hammer, owning me for lord,
Lo now upon my anvil rings,
And there's your ploughshare, there's your sword.
If I should stay my weighty hand
No corn should ripen on the land,
No blade should shield the widow's cause,
Nor freeman arm to guard the laws."

Mr. F. S. Flint's "In the Net of Stars" is certainly written by one who is a poet; but not much of it is very considerable as poetry. Ineffectiveness, springing from a form devoid of rigor, which springs again from vague thought and uncertain sentiment—it is the same tale again; the poet must have a rigorous imagination, whether intellectual or emotional, if we are to have from him poetry of rigorous form, and therefore of effectual melody. But throughout Mr. Flint's book there are images, groups of lines, single lines, or even single epithets, which flash out on us a genuine and original poetic faculty. The man is certainly a poet who can restate an old notion thus excellently:—

"Oh, we are trodden like a narrow road,
On which the ghosts of ages pass rough-shod."

And we may look for something fine from one who can conceit the stars to be

"Little knots in the net of light
That holds the infinite dragon, Night."

But even when he writes in stanzas, Mr. Flint can be as ineffective as this:—

"Bramble and fern
Round my heart burn
Their embraces;
Over the thorn
The green leaf is born
That effaces."

And when he chooses *vers libre*, his best thoughts and loftiest feelings are terribly apt to be "let-balls."

Miss Dorothea Hollins's "The Quest: a Drama of Deliverance," is conventional aspiration (mingled with conventional mysticism) of the most unmistakable kind; but it is also a good deal more definite, a good deal more certain of itself, than anything we have found hitherto in our batch. The crying fault, however, is still one of form; only in this case the fault is confined to vagueness of general con-

ception; most of the detail is clearly imagined, and clearly and often pleasantly worked out. The blank verse is passable, and the lyrics, though designed to be supported by music, sometimes sing engagingly:—

"Morning rises fresh and fair;
Like a pearl set on her brow,
From our shores a schooner rare
Westward turns its shining prow."

The theme of the drama is the deliverance of an "enchanted princess," whose significance is obvious, from the wardship of Death, Pain, and Ignorance. King Arthur, Galahad, St. Augustine, Dante, Sir Thomas More, St. Teresa, Giordano Bruno, Sir Philip Sidney, and others of less note, successively try to get the better of the grim guardians, and successively fail. Herein lies the weakness of the play; for the bulk of it consists merely of a series of fore-ordained failures, each failure faithfully copying the last. This is, plainly, a very feeble, almost amateurish, conception; and the result is boredom. The form is rigorous in the wrong way; to give rigor to the course of a poem it is not necessary that it should proceed as on tram lines. But Miss Hollins has some poetic ability; and had she not thrown her poem into the form of a drama, it might have done very well. As it is, her long stage-directions are rather absurd in their attempted assumption of a possible stage performance, and are wearisome to the reader.

Mr. Leonard Shoobridge's "Poems" are a good instance, the better, perhaps, for not being a signal instance, of the virtue of carefully regulated form. They are not a signal instance, because the inspiration they voice is neither great nor very significant. Mr. Shoobridge is a scholar, and is, perhaps, not powerfully affected by contemporary flux of opinion; though there is a good deal of the familiar wistfulness in his poems. But the point here is that Mr. Shoobridge, by writing always in a firm strictness of melody, can easily convey elusive feeling and thought, can achieve sure effects of subtlety and "undersong" which broken sentences and dissolute form, though meant to that end, but clumsily hint at. His book would certainly have been the better for some severe selection, but it contains a number of songs as suggestive and tuneful as this:—

"Sad heart, vexed spirit, how have you spent
The day of the long chill rain,
While the wind from the west with its wet blast went
By the windows ever again?

I thought how seldom a heart draws nigh
A heart to be loved and known;
How the winds and the rain and the human cry
Sweep on through the world alone."

Mr. Mackereth's is another book of verse which it is rather refreshing to come across nowadays; but it is refreshing more by its matter than its manner. Properly considered, artistic form is not imposed on, but is the direct outcome of, inspiration; it is, indeed, the guarantee of a completely poetic inspiration, large or small. But a writer may well be interesting whose inspiration is only partially poetic. Such a writer is Mr. Mackereth; there is none of the fashionable negation of form in his poetry; his intentions are good, but his faculty here is imperfect. The book contains some tolerable passages, but the bulk of it is rather crude, occasionally verbose, and windy. What he has to say, however, is vigorous and virile. He is not for dealing in the vagueness of dissatisfaction, but endeavors to make his writing an affirmation of joy. The best poem in Mr. Mackereth's book is the one that stands first in it; it might serve as a preface to the rest. It tells how the poet encountered a lion, which appears to have been quite a formidable beast:—

"A ghoulish hunger twitched his lips,
His ears were angry at the tips."

This obstruction in the poet's way easily symbolises man's terrible propensity for falling into dreary, joyless life; but the poet, by merely laughing at the creature's wrath, soon brings it subdued under his feet.

In Mr. Henry Bryan Binns's slender volume, "The Wanderer, and Other Poems," we have, at last, the sort of poetry which one might reasonably look for from a time of conscious aspiration and conscientious revolt, but which, somehow, the time markedly fails to produce. And it is not only the sort of poetry one might look for—hopeful,

alert, and eager, and stimulated to a vigorous determination of form—but it is very good of its sort, melodiously contrived, and carried on fine inspiration. There is no mistaking the quality of this:—

"I saw the eagle joy of things
A captive, drooping down his wings,
While his dawn-enkindled eyes
Sickened for forgotten skies."

And the characteristic thought of the age becomes, as it should do when a poet deals with it, something better than itself in "The Building of the City":—

"City of Thought, City of Dream,
Standing beside the ancient stream
Of Progress, all thy fields are free
To the wide winds of Liberty!
Builded thou art, but yet forever
We build thee with our heart's endeavor
Upon the border of that Stream,
Beautiful City of our Dream."

"The Wanderer" itself is the most important poem in Mr. Binns's book. It is an attempt to supply "Words for Botticelli's 'Voyage of Venus.'" The poem is not entirely successful, mainly because, in spite of several touches of almost Spenserian melody, it is a too intellectual translation of Botticelli's picture. But it is, beyond question, a fine poem, and the deity of Venus is memorably conceived in it, the deity

"Burdened with bitter-sweet
Of night and day,
Promise obscure of pain
And ever incomplete
Delight."

The conception is often fitted to verses of stately imagination:—

"Those feet, where'er they pass
To sweet rebellious pain
Must waken the ungovernable grass;
Out of this very robe the air shall learn
Proud and implacable insurgencies
To whisper to the unforgetting trees."

That is excellent poetry; but the poem would have been nearer akin to Botticelli, and, what is more important, would have more inevitably expressed, in its substance, the "Immortal Wanderer through Time," if Mr. Binns had oftener let his theme escape into such sweet music as this:—

"Together when we snatch Her robe, and blow
Her body clean of care,
Fragrance of orchard blossoming
Fulfills her, She is all
Odor and murmur and desire of Spring."

Mr. Hedley Storey has a love of poetry and a feeling for its less intricate measures. He is moved to write it in association with his work, which is a sign that he finds its uses as inspiring and soothing elements in his life. His verses on Tewkesbury show that his claim that his verse writing is the outcome of personal experience and emotion is a truthful one. His subjects are the broad, general themes of didactic poetry, such as the meaning of life, the effort to endure it and the power to enjoy it; the love of the fields of one's youth, and the return to them in manhood.

PERSIA FROM OUTSIDE.*

THE first test of a book of travel and description is supplied by the answer to the question: Does its author believe that the inhabitants of the country are altogether real? That is, perhaps, the last thing one learns about any people. To the average member of the comfortable class, the workmen of his own nation are very far from being real. To the average man it is doubtful whether most women are quite real. To the average traveller it is certain that foreigners remain to the end something external and distant, and not altogether human. It is, oddly enough, the gifted and romantic traveller who is the last to realise that his foreigners are real. His imagination is busied from the moment that he crosses the frontier in a work of extravagance and creation. His nostrils quiver at that first faint aroma of the East, the smell that is a blend of charcoal and roast-

* "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night." By Eustache de Lorey and Douglas Sladen. Hurst & Blackett. 16s. net.

"Persia and Its People." By Ella C. Sykes. Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.

"Persia in Revolution." By J. M. Hone and P. L. Dickinson. T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.

ing coffee and undrained streets. His brain is afire, and the men and women whom he meets are clothed in his conceits. Is it tolerable that a brain within a turban should think in syllogisms and calculate by the rule of three? Is it to be endured that a man who slouches in slippers without heels should act with promptitude on plain utilitarian motives? His men are the shadows on whom descends the curtain of matting at the door of the mosque. His women are the visions behind the arabesque lattice of the harem windows. In all his intercourse the curtain and the lattice are there. His joy is to see dimly through them, and never would he lose, if he could, the sense that they are within and he is from without. These men and women are things in his dream. He passes round the water-pipe, and blows for his readers a curling cloud of smoke about them. The women of Loti—what are they but the occasions of exotic sentiment to a precious pilgrim of passion? Travellers are of two classes. Some go to see. Others go to feel. The sentimental journey ends where it began—at home. You have explored the errant fancies of a European. You have not been to Persia.

Of the three books on Persia before us, two belong to the romantic school of travel. "The Moon of the Fourteenth Night" is, indeed, a conscious and unblushing exercise in the sentimentalism of the exotic. It is a tale cast in the form of a diary kept by a young French diplomatist in Teheran. He is determined to taste the life of the country. He carries on an intrigue with a Persian girl, and he watches the revolution with the aid of two intimates in the Nationalist camp. Chapter about, the dual interest is kept up with a certain conscious and painstaking regularity. When you are tired of the Mejliss and its budget, promptly the doors of the Harem open, and you are capping verses out of Sadi with the Moon of the Fourteenth Night. When you are weary of hearing how the Shah arranged to have himself all but blown up by a bomb, the scene is punctually changed, and you are thrilled to hear how the diplomatist carried the little Moslem girl in his arms through the streets of Teheran in dead of night and deposited her in the home of his faithful Arab servant. The book, in short, is a novel of contemporary Persian politics, spiced by an exotic love interest. The love story, as commonly happens in such exercises, is the less convincing part of the tale. There is no attempt to penetrate the psychology of poor little Bibi Ma. The moth burned herself at the candle of the French diplomatist's charms. And yet that is not the way of Mohammedan moths, and there is here no attempt at explanation. The "Moon" is the occasion of sundry sensations in the breast of the young French gentleman. So much one understands. And in the sentimental journey why ask for more? The moon may serve to rhyme a sonnet, or she may adorn an astronomer's chart. Here is the sonnet, and it rhymes with a common pleasant jingle.

The political half of the book is less marred by the quest of strange emotions. There is not much hashish in it, and we get accustomed to the tobacco. It is a lively and tolerably straightforward account of events in Teheran from the death of the Shah Muzaffer-ed-Din down to the expulsion of his son. One must allow for the long arm of coincidence which brings the subject of these emotions on the scene whenever anything is happening, now in Tabriz and now in Teheran, which is at all apt to cause a suitable emotion. But one nears reality occasionally. The average male, even when he is a traveller, is less given to sentimentalising over other males, even when they are foreigners, than over veiled ladies. The standpoint of the authors is almost uncritically sympathetic to the Persians. Liberty is rather picturesque—until it is won. Real persons figure in colorable waxwork counterfeits—Colonel Liakhof, Shapsal Khan, Taqui-Zada, and all the rest of them. The version of history which is given is pretty steadily pro-Persian, and anti-Russian and Constitutionalist. It makes, on the whole, easy and entertaining and instructive reading. For our part we welcome the book for certain fragments of real translation from life which it contains. There is, for example, what purports to be, and we fancy actually is, a faithful transcript from a political sermon delivered in Teheran by the Sayyid Jemal-ud-Din—that notable Liberal doctor and agitator who played a part in Egypt before Arabi's rising as a good Sunni, and in Persia

(as a good Shi-ite) before the grant of the Constitution. He had died, we imagine, before the date assigned to this sermon, but it may none the less be real. Its pedantic scholastic political science, its accounts of x-rays and telephones and book-keeping, couched in the language of a naïve imagination, and, above all, its homely parable, have all the air of authenticity. For that document alone the book deserves to live. Nor are we less grateful for the reproductions from the contemporary Persian "Punch." There is in the best of them an infectious and subtle humor, conveyed with a draughtsmanship which shows keen observation and no contemptible technique.

In complete contrast to the sentimental journey of Messrs. de Lorey and Sladen is the entirely objective and informing book by Mrs. Sykes. There is not a page of self-consciousness in the whole volume. If there is nothing notable in the descriptive writing and no subtlety in the insight, at least for Mrs. Sykes the Persians, even the women, are quite prosaically real. Here in black and white are the plain facts about their daily lives, their humdrum virtues, and their vulgar faults. The account does not idealise, but it is not unkindly. One hears nothing about the Moons who glide over harem walls at night quoting a couplet from Sadi. But you may read here—it is not exhilarating reading—of the vacuity and illiteracy of these Persian women, their wholly unalluring minds, and their painfully depressing lives. Instead of romance you get the plain facts about the frequency of wife-beating and the working of a system of free divorce. Mrs. Sykes, moreover, has travelled extensively, and she describes accurately and carefully the strange desert landscapes, whose barrenness the sun can make beautiful. Politics she altogether eschews, and in their place is a conscientious attempt to make clear from a somewhat censorious standpoint the elements of the Mohammedan religion. There is a popular summary of Persian history, a glance at the course of Persian literature, and some account of the great monuments of its past. Modesty is the note of it all, and Mrs. Sykes commonly prefers to give her verdicts in the form of a quotation from some standard authority. To the student the book will bring little of value, but the general reader may find in it a terse account of what he would wish to know of Persia. But the general reader, if he is wise, will still keep Morier on his shelf if he wishes to be amused, and will turn to Professor Browne for the real romance of the Persian mind. One might read these three books from end to end without catching so much as a glimpse of the fascinating world which he reveals in "A Year Among the Persians"—the world of other-worldliness, in which men speculate endlessly of Sufism and Babism, of defiant Atheism and ecstatic Pantheism, all under their green turbans and in the shadow of the mosque.

"Persia in Revolution" is of these three books the most superficial and the most ephemeral. It is a brief record of a special correspondent's irruption into happenings which were in their way moderately important. It is all told in high spirits and with a somewhat affected irresponsibility. It is the fashion to laugh at the Persians and their revolution, and the book laughs accordingly, with a footnote in the preface to explain that really it was no laughing matter and that the Persians deserve sympathy. Of all the forms of exclamatory comment on foreign things, the laugh, when it is wilful and painstaking and continuous, is quite the most wearisome. The plain fact, we imagine, is that the authors hardly saw enough of the Persians to become interested in them. The theme flags half-way, and the book diverges into a rather more serious and much more sympathetic account of the Georgians. The book is in form only the hasty jottings of travel, and hardly deserved resurrection from the newspaper files in which its contents originally figured as rapid illustrations to the news of the day.

MORNY, VICE-EMPEROR.*

THE pedigree of Auguste de Morny, brother of Napoleon III., who became Count and Duke, and was distinctly the second

* "Le Duc de Morny, the Brother of an Emperor and the Maker of an Empire." By Frédéric Loliée. Adapted by Bryan O'Donnell, M.A. Illustrated. Long. 12s. 6d. net.

"Le Duc de Morny et la Société du Second Empire." Par Frédéric Loliée. Paris: Emile-Paul. 7fr 50.

man in the Second Empire, is irregular in a curious and uncommon degree. It is "stair-work" (as the shepherd in the "Winter's Tale" says) or nothing. Never, surely, was a man more unconscionably, essentially, and unequivocally illegitimate. He sprang from the illicit union of Comte Charles de Flahault with Hortense, daughter of Josephine and ex-Queen of Holland. He was therefore illegitimate by birth. The father, Count Charles, one of the handsomest of the first Napoleon's aides-de-camps and a thrice-notorious gallant, was the natural son of Talleyrand and the youthful Countess Flahault. This lady, afterwards Mme. de Flahault-Souza, was one of the host of unacknowledged children of Louis XV. Quite possibly, therefore, the Parc-aux-Cerfs would account for the great Duc de Morny. His father, the irresistible Charles, ultimately allied himself with our own aristocracy. Settling in Scotland, he "succeeded in marrying Mary Elphinstone, the only daughter of Lord Keith and Nairne"; and his daughter by her, wedding the fourth Marquis of Lansdowne, became the mother of the statesman who had so much to say to Mr. Lloyd George's Budget. There is no end to the romances of our old nobility.

The memory bequeathed by Morny to posterity was not a pleasing one; and, because it was not, some welcome is owing to M. Loliée's book, the tone of which is commendably impartial. It was, of course, remembered against the brother of Louis Napoleon that his first notable act in politics had been the instigation and organisation of the Coup d'Etat of December 2nd, 1851. If Morny was not actually his brother's instigator in this affair, he was his right-hand man in the carrying of it out; and the signal success which attended the conspiracy lent an edge to all retrospective criticisms by the defeated party. Nothing could have been more lawless; the whole fabric of the Constitution was overthrown in a night; but little is gained by attempts to conceal the fact—candidly admitted by M. Loliée—that the Coup d'Etat "afforded many years of stable and prosperous government to France, which then, as now, sincerely yearned for peace." When the spoils were divided among the victorious conspirators, Morny was appointed to the Home Office, and thus entered on professional statesmanship. As a statesman he made no conspicuous mark, but it would scarcely be right to insist that he had any conspicuous opportunity. At the Home Office he stayed only six weeks, resigning over the decrees which compelled the Orleanists to sell their French property. He seems to have lacked patience for the harness of a Ministerial bureau, and, though always enamored of power, he "preferred direct action to the direction of affairs." He had one chance of distinguishing himself as a diplomatist, and this he did not miss. It was the occasion of his mission to Russia at the time of Alexander II.'s coronation, and as the humiliation of defeat in the Crimea still "hung like a pall" over St. Petersburg, the French ambassador had need of the utmost tact. But Morny had every art and trick of the courtier-diplomat, and so completely did he win over the Czar Alexander that that monarch would have liked to keep him in his capital. The Emperor's obedient brother returned, however, to Paris, where he resumed his duties as President of the Corps Législatif. Of this office M. Loliée says that the Duke was an ideal occupant, and as our author's attitude is never that of the partisan, we shall not cavil at this description. The post of President was retained by Morny till his death.

It would be idle to claim for him a place among the great statesmen of Europe; equally idle to pretend that he had none of the statesman's attributes. He was a deft rather than a deep politician; adroit, cool, clear-sighted, with a readier power of decision than his brother the Emperor, courage in action, and an innate gift for the management of men. It is almost certain that had he lived he would have voted against the war with Prussia. Had he not once said to the Emperor: "If you attack the King of Prussia, he will throw you into the Rhine"? But the brilliant Morny lacked both beliefs and principles, and was never perhaps entirely trusted.

"He would have played," says M. Loliée, "a much more important part in the affairs of his country had it not been known that politics handled by him became a financial lever, not the instrument of a legitimate business."

Nothing, in our opinion, could be truer than this. De Morny was a natural, instinctive, and devoted gambler, and one reason why he stuck to power in the State was that it

gave him power on the Stock Exchange. In some of the wild and least stable financial creations of the period he had his part, and the promoter with a plausible scheme could get access quicker than most suitors to the Minister's private room. His intimate connection with speculative concerns not of the first water brought Government and Court alike into ill odor—and was remembered against him, after his death, in the national wrath over Sedan.

To his contemporaries the Duc de Morny was best known as the handsome, polished, urbane, and witty man of the world, of society, of the turf, of the stage; he was, until age began to tell on him, an Alcibiades of the Second Empire. So rare was his personal charm, so delicate his skill in bringing an opponent to his side, that his ardent political foes avoided his immediate presence. He bought pictures with the taste of an artist, entered his horses for the classic races, dined with Jews who had money, and comedians who had manners, dawdled gracefully in the green-room, introduced a pretty singer to the Opera, applauded the new cancan, presided splendidly at balls and dinners in his own mansion, pretended to write things for the theatre, and had young Alphonse Daudet for his secretary. He was eminently and pre-eminently a man of his day, the gaudy day of the Second Empire; and literary gossip will still be busy with him.

There is more than gossip in M. Loliée's book, which has been artfully adapted by Mr. Bryan O'Donnell.

SUPERMAN AND SUPERMANNERS.*

MR. VIERECK is twice blessed: he is a young man living in a young country. We cannot read his book without a spasm of envy. For youth, in our decaying civilisation, crushed beneath its weight of monarchy, primogeniture, and compulsory Greek, is seldom permitted to write its natural language unreviewed. In the nursery it is instructed to be seen, and not heard; at school, it is taught the classics, respect for authority, and the elements of prose composition. Its literary style is therefore dominated by tradition and shackled by the narrowing influence of conventional restraint. Mr. Viereck's pen is bound by no such tyranny. Fearless, five and twenty, a citizen of the United States, he is free to write exactly as he pleases. "I shall not corrupt America," he assures his European readers in a chapter entitled, "I and America":—

"I shall not corrupt America. I am myself uncorrupted at heart. I have passed through fires of sin, but they have not singed a hair of my head. Mine shall be the nobler pleasure of imparting knowledge. And I shall teach Columbia what you have taught me."

Is not this language springing direct from the heart of youth? Alas, in conservative England, where the child's high mission as fatherhood to the man is still incompletely realised, sentiments such as these too seldom find expression in literature. The pens of our young gentlemen, depleted by the enervating exercise of the University essay, shrink from Mr. Viereck's courageous use of the first personal pronoun. We hesitate from compiling six sentences like the following:—

"I have in the past compared literary Germany to a mad-house. And I was perfectly right. I have nothing to modify. I have stated perfectly one half of the truth. I shall now contradict myself flatly. I shall express the other half of this puzzling antimony."

And we find it difficult, under the age of fifty, to observe: "Like most celebrated Americans, I am really a self-made man."

The European is habituated to dissimulation; his manners, like his morals, bear the impress of the slave. Across the Atlantic, however, where the mind is naturally noble, a writer can address his readers as though they were his equals in intellectual honesty. In so doing he not only pays them a high compliment, but saves them an infinity of trouble. The present reviewer, ignorant of much, was, until he opened these pages, totally unaware of Mr. Viereck's existence. Now, he learns from the writer's own lips that he is the author of several books, that his poems "mark a new epoch in American literature," and that he

* "Confessions of a Barbarian." By George Sylvester Viereck. John Lane, The Bodley Head. 5s. net.

has given "a new impulse to the poetry of his age." How much better it is thus to obtain the truth at once at first hand, instead of waiting for the reluctant and unreliable verdicts of posterity.

Mr. Viereck is by birth half German, and has spent some time in the country which is responsible for the ethics of the Superman. He is thus doubly susceptible to Teutonic influences. To a style pungent and paradoxical as any Nietzsche he joins a vein of half cynical tenderness, which in his amorous passages is strongly reminiscent of Heine; and his book, although "published serially in William Marion Reedy's brave weekly," is, he tells us, "journalistic only in the sense in which that term may also be applied to the 'Reisebilder'." With a foot in both continents, Mr. Viereck is entitled to speak with as much authority on the reputations of Europe as he is on his own. He pats Kaiser Wilhelm on the back, puts Theodore Roosevelt in his proper place, praises the brothers Hauptmann, chaffs George Brandes, and is just a little cruel to poor Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Barrie, however, will be gratified to hear that in the opinion of young America "Peter Pan" is one of the great representative dramas of the century. It is unfortunate that this country should be so little cognisant of the intellectual movement of the new world: names such as Paul Elmer More, William Marion Reedy, Percival Pollard, Michael Mohaham, rouse, alas, no very responsive thrill in our torpid insular bosoms; yet Mr. Viereck tells us that they are the greatest creative critics of the United States. Criticism, however, Mr. Viereck admits, is not the American writer's strongest point. It was this, among other deficiencies on the part of his countrymen, which caused Mr. Viereck to waver for some time in his choice between two literatures:—

"I consulted with friends on both sides of the ocean, and it was finally agreed upon that America, being poorer than Europe, needed me more. I decided to become an American classic. I voluntarily deserted the company of Baudelaire and Heine for that of Longfellow and Whitman."

"It is quite possible that America will vulgarise me. But at least my gifts, whatever they may be, shall be thrown into the crucible of the future."

It appears that we have lost a poet. Europe, we hope, will, by the exercise of that philosophy which years alone can engender, console herself for the deprivation; but let not our guest take leave of us unrelieved from one anxiety. Mr. Viereck need not fear the return to his native soil. America cannot vulgarise him. The pure flame of his genius will resist the pollutions of patriotism as it has remained impervious to the contaminations of culture, the allurements of good taste, and the dangerous aspiration of a sense of humor. With charming modesty he designates himself "Barbarian." If the just choice of epithet be a sound indication of literary ability, the reputation of Mr. Viereck, on this side of the Atlantic at least, is irrevocably assured.

A BUNDLE OF NOVELS.*

MR. SWINNERTON calls his novel "A Comedy of Environment," but perhaps the word "comedy" has been substituted by his publisher for the less attractive "Study." "A study of temperaments" would, however, define the strength of the story admirably. The character of the hero, Galbraith, the brusque and determined young clerk who, in the nick of time, appears on Hilda Verren's horizon and saves her from becoming the prey of her nervous fears and from succumbing to the importunity of her detested lover, Mr. Temperton, is very suggestive. Hilda herself, with her sensitive, receptive nature, overwrought by contact with uncongenial people, is perhaps, a little uncertain in outline. Better is the clever sketch of her weak and vain brother, Bertram, a victim of the "artistic temperament," who falls into the hands of the vulgar and designing Mabel Barrett. So ably sketched are the characters of this unpleasant pair of people that we are inclined to feel optimistic about Mr. Swinnerton's powers. His minor characters, Mr. Mavultey, the journalistic "knight of the pen," Stephen Todberry and

"Jeames," Mr. Graffrum, "a master of the technique of conversation," are all capital figures, and the discontented girl typist, Gertrude, is a type that is portrayed with incisive candor. If "The Young Idea" does not reach the standard of a notable achievement, it is perhaps because Mr. Swinnerton is too much preoccupied with his moral and too little with his artistic effects. But we are glad to welcome him as a fresh talent in a field that very few novelists cultivate, though it stretches wide.

* * *

It does not surprise us to learn from the author's prefatory note to "The Little Gods" that several of these interesting and vivid stories of the life of the Americans in the Philippines are reprinted from "Collier's" and "Everybody's Magazine," for they are as superior to the ordinary English story as the ordinary American magazine is superior to ours. In his interesting prologue, the author draws a contrast between the lean fields of New England and the atmosphere of the Old East, where "men, eternally young, are still most unafraid, grasp with least hesitation all life offers them, and accept the outcome of their choice with most sincerity." "We are," he says, "a careworn people, too prudent to be counted young in anything but years, hedging ourselves round with a tenfold wall against surprises, moving always circumspectly." Perhaps the contrast between East and West is best brought out in the last story, "McGennis's Promotion," which recounts how a young American "deputy provincial supervisor," who is placed in charge of the roads and bridges and harbors of the whole North Coast, with headquarters at Sicaba, becomes the god of this hopeless little town, inspires the school-teachers, the Municipal Secretary and the Municipal Presidente, and the simple, childlike, and obstinate natives with faith, hope, and a modicum of his own energy. McGennis is dying to get away from the dullness, the tedium, the listlessness of the village and the lifeless coast, when he receives the news of his promotion to a post of some importance, in Luzon; yet he finds he cannot leave the people, because they have grown to love him. He sits down and drafts his refusal of the coveted post, and goes back to his "jobs." There is something very sentimental in the picture, but nobody can deny its truth. Perhaps the most striking tale in this collection is "An Optimist," a description of an attempt made by two American officers and twenty privates to cross the island of Samar at a point where it narrows to a scant thirty-five miles. The men have rations for four days, and four marches westward of ten miles each should bring them to Nalang. Yet at the end of six days they find themselves foodless, raving in the delirium of fever, lost in the jungle, with high mountains shutting them in on every side. Only one man finds his way back to camp, seventeen days after the start, having crawled on his hands and knees for days, after his feet have given out. The "dot of intelligent life" that represents the West in its invasion of Eastern inertia finds the triumphant physical forces of the Tropics too much for it in the long run—at least, that is the moral that is written between the lines of many of Mr. Thomas's picturesque pages.

* * *

In "Barker's," the story of the passing of an old-fashioned publishing house, and its conversion into a brand-new Regent Street business, under the control of the sanguine and deceptive manager, Mr. Green, who is careful to desert the unsound ship at the first opportunity, Mr. Lacon Watson has written a readable and entertaining story. It is curious, by the way, considering the wolfish reputation of publishers, who have ever preyed upon the silly flock of authors, that nobody has yet made the wolf's den the centre of a surprising tale. In "Barker's" however, the literary sheep, Henry Roscoe and John Fairfax, are lured to their destruction by yielding to the temptation to invest their capital in the transmogrified book business that the astute Mr. Green is controlling in the interests of the Fairfax family. A few "popular novelists" are induced by tempting offers to place their new fiction in "Barker's" hands, and, of course, over these the new firm loses heavily. A high-class literary magazine is then started, with the result of an annual loss of £1,200 on the venture. And so on, and so on. The atmosphere of literary

* "The Young Idea." By Frank A. Swinnerton. Chatto & Windus. 6s.

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shop and journalistic gossip depicted is, no doubt, true to life, though the author would have done better to abridge the mild flow of commonplaces that many of the characters indulge in. The sketch of Mrs. Paget St. Maur, the famous lady novelist, with a commanding presence and a voluble manner, who is always dropping her gloves and umbrella and leaving her chain-bag or her feather-boa behind her, is done with pleasing causticity. By the time the end of the story is reached the confiding literary men are sadder and wiser; but the moral is conveyed to us that, though they may not have "made 'Barker's,'" "Barker's" has made them.

* * *

Mr. John Buchan began his literary career, if we mistake not, about fifteen years ago with a well-constructed romance of Border fighting, and now he shows himself a faithful disciple of Stevenson in this vivid romance of a great native rising in the wild, hilly country of the North Transvaal. Both the characters and the plot are handled with the firmness of a clever literary craftsman. The figure of the Rev. John Laputa, the negro-Arab minister who heads the great revolt, and is called to the inheritance of Prester John, the Ethiopian Empire that existed before the coming of the white man, is well conceived, and the author shows some sympathy for the cause of the natives, "now the servants of the oppressor." But why is it, with all its air of verisimilitude, that the tale never really strikes deep or convinces us that the author is doing more than manipulate his characters? It is, surely, that the narrator, Davie Crawford, the green Scotch lad who joins the storekeeper at Blaauwildebeestfontein, and, by spying on Laputa, is enabled to defeat his plot, is too obviously a mere piece of literary machinery. Stevenson could handle his David Balfours because he was the creator of this Caledonian blend of pawky foresight and adolescent conceit; but the "Davie" of "Prester John," both in his foolhardiness and longheadedness, seems to be merely aping his prototypes. Let us also frankly confide to Mr. John Buchan that the Stevensonian model is one that lives and dies with its originator. The man was both manner and method, and to adopt another man's fashion of telling a tale is fatal to creative freshness. We do not believe in the ingenious mechanism by which Davie Crawford "goes treasure-hunting," and gets into the Cave of the Rooirand, and sees the investiture of Laputa with "the sacred Snake," the collar of blazing rubies. It is ingenious, and picturesque, and what not. But we do not believe in it. Similarly all the adventures that follow, the escape and capture, and the second escape, and so on, are really clever stage tricks of the romantic school. The "feel" of the country, the psychology of the Zulu tribes, the real atmosphere of the traders and white farmers, all the realities that should inspire a story of a native rising are disregarded, set aside in favor of wonderful feats and adventures, of which Mr. Stanley Weyman and Mr. Rider Haggard are the accredited purveyors. The author may reply, "Well, I have set out to write a romance, and if you don't want romance, don't come to me"—a retort which is valid. It is, however, a curious thing that this form of "the romance of adventure" seems to extinguish the individuality of every writer who attempts it.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

MR. MALABARI, in relating the story of the making of Bombay ("Bombay in the Making, 1661-1726," by Phiroze B. M. Malabari, with an introduction by Sir George Clarke, T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d. net), has confined himself chiefly to the judicial institutions of the Western Presidency, and in doing so has got together a mass of material with the help of which we may reconstruct the curious life of the early European settlers in India. The island of Bombay came to the British Crown under the treaty of marriage between Charles II. and Catherine of Braganza in 1661, and seven years later it was transferred to the East India Company by the charter which marks the transition of the company from a trading association to a territorial power. A few Portuguese families and a primitive bastion made up the whole resources of the site which, in the course of the century following, developed into the gateway of modern India. Many difficulties had to be overcome and decades of

neglect passed through before the city became thoroughly established, the real founder of Bombay being Gerald Aungier, to whose admirable career Mr. Malabari devotes one of the most interesting chapters in the book. We get in the latter part of the volume, which runs to 500 pages, much entertaining detail as to the public morals of Bombay, the administration of the town, and the working of the courts. No historian has ever pretended that the fabric of British India was built up under ideal conditions or by the hands of persons even passably free from reproach, and one is bound to say that the history of Bombay is in no sense exceptional. Mr. Malabari has done his work well, and with due citation of the essential documents.

* * *

THE latest volume in the American Waterways Series is that on "The Father of Waters," the Mississippi River, by Mr. Julius Chambers (Putnam's Sons, 15s. net). In 1872 Mr. Chambers, nearly forty years after the discoveries of Schoolcraft and J. N. Nicollet, set out to investigate the resources of the Mississippi, and found the "true source" to be, not Lake Itasca, as had been assumed by the previous pioneers, but the smaller Lake Elk beyond. Having proved the existence of Lake Elk, he descended the river, first in a canoe and then in a steamboat, to its delta in the Gulf of Mexico. His record of this journey of personal exploration constitutes the most original portion of the book, though we should hesitate to call it the most interesting; in fact, after the canoe voyage ends and the steamboat chronicle begins, the narrative becomes a sort of hustled guide-book until the end of the journey is reached. We prefer the historical portion dealing with the efforts of successive explorers to determine the Mississippi's source and course. This makes a romantic narrative of adventure undertaken (1) by the Spaniards and Portuguese from the sea side, and (2) by the French from the North West. The Spaniards discovered the Mississippi—probably some years before 1541, when the soldier of fortune, Hernando de Soto, led a band of gold-seekers along the region west of the river—but all their discoveries were abortive, in so far that they made no use of them; it was reserved for two Frenchmen, Groseilliers and Radisson, in the seventeenth century, to carry out the first really valuable pioneer work in this direction, and for Father Allouez to find the river a name. The French explorers immediately following, though more than one would seem to belong "to that amiable class who seem to tell truth by accident and fiction by inclination," are interesting to read about, particularly La Salle and Iberville. The modern history of the Mississippi Valley is very largely that of the United States, so intimately is it bound up with events, such as the War of Independence, the Civil War, and the Louisiana purchase. Mr. Chambers's concluding chapters sketch the military history of the river with a certain vividness, describe the big cities that have grown up on its banks, and give brief summaries of such by-products of American civilisation as the Mormon movement. The book is finely illustrated, and contains enough anecdote of the lighter sort to appeal to British readers who may not feel any special pride or interest in the Mississippi River itself.

* * *

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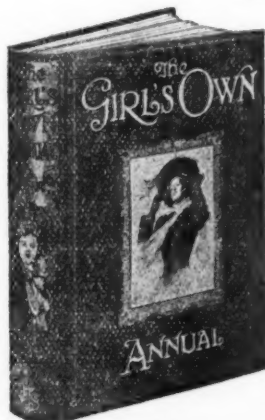
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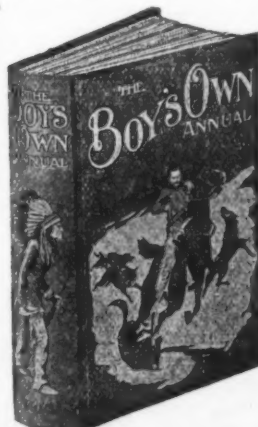
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from the Wars of the Marches to the Great Rebellion. Milder, but noteworthy, associations are those of Shelley with Rhayader, of Wordsworth with Goodrich, and John Kyrie, the seventeenth-century philanthropist, with Ross. Symond's Yat, Monmouth, Tintern, and Chepstow are all landmarks rich in legendary lore. Mr. Sutton Palmer has painted the principal beauty spots of the river under a variety of atmospheric effects, and with a conscientious brush. Some of his carefully wrought pictures show greater appreciation of the transparent quality of water color than others, and we prefer those which, like the "Lydbrook," are distinguished by breadth and simplicity, as well as conscientiousness, and tenderness rather than vividness of tint.

"SIR PULTENEY: A FANTASY," by "E. D. Ward" (Methuen, 1s. net)—a signature in which one discovers a satirist of real distinction and of very considerable powers of painting the colors of our Vanity Fair—is a book which may be read at once with great pleasure in its fun, and with the sense that the writer really knows his characters, and is a true satirist and anti-vulgarian, as well as a very brilliant literary man. The theme of the Suicide Club has been used by Stevenson less playfully than by "E. D. Ward." Our only criticism of this study is that it begins as farcical comedy and ends as rather grim satire, and that the one kind of literary touch a little mars the other. The first part of the book is a brilliantly sketched series of portraits in caricature—Mr. Balfour's speech on the Suicide Bill is a little gem of its kind; the second a serious suggestion that the cure for modern frivolousness and sickness of life is hard work and the life of the poor. Let us add that all the satirical sketches are good, and that, in particular, both Mr. George and Mr. Churchill will laugh at the situation which "E. D. Ward" contrives for them.

Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN's "Queer Things About Egypt" (Hurst & Blackett, 21s. net) consists of a great deal of miscellaneous information about modern Egypt, presented in a conversational style and enlivened by anecdotes, together with more formal descriptions of visits to places along the Nile from Alexandria to Assuan. The opening section of a hundred and fifty pages gives glimpses of "all the everyday life of the Englishman in Egypt, from doing business (with Egyptians) to donkey-riding." Mr. Sladen treats the subject in a humorous vein, though he manages, at the same time, to acquaint the reader with many facts that will be of use to Egyptian tourists. The cost of living in Egypt, Egyptian hotels, servants, law proceedings, donkey-boys, dogs, fleas, and mosquitos, are all noticed, and though the style is a trifle jerky, and the stories might be arranged in better order, the section makes amusing reading. In the second part of the book Mr. Sladen has some vivid descriptions of places along the Nile and of life in the Great Oasis. Some of these are particularly well done, and those who have to be content with seeing Egypt through the eyes of others will get a more realistic account of the country and a keener sense of its atmosphere from Mr. Sladen's pages than from most other books with which we are acquainted.

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EXPERTS in the Stock Markets find satisfaction in the fact that the attempt of the Bears to exploit the labor troubles has been unsuccessful. The comparative rest of the last two months from new issues of capital has brought the demand for shares again to the level of supply. The actual conditions of trade in England, apart from the menace of strikes and lock-outs, are quite exceptionally good. In fact, the pauperism returns have made a low-level record, and the statistics of employment are very satisfactory. These things being so, City men are reassembling in a fairly good humor. After two months of rest and recuperation and savings and investment (with very little speculation), loan-floaters and

underwriters of all kinds find themselves much more comfortable, though one can hardly suppose that London's unprecedented list of new issues for this year can have been thoroughly digested. The unexpected continuance of cheap money is proving a boon to the Stock Exchange and to trade. It seems to be due to the quite abnormal inactivity of Wall Street, which is watching American politics with impotent alarm. As a matter of fact, railroad securities are bound to gain by any measure for Free Trade or reduction of tariffs. And it is upon this that the Democratic Party is likely to concentrate

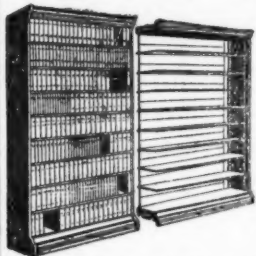
FOREIGN INVESTMENT.

Not only in the United States, but in many other countries, where large amounts of British capital are invested, political events are occurring which have to be anxiously watched. The opening of the Greek Assembly on Wednesday was reassuring; but the relations between Greeks and Turks in the Near East are very bad—in fact, nothing but want of funds and the controlling influence of the Great Powers prevents a resort to arms. Greek finances have deteriorated of late, owing to absurd attempts of the Greek Government to expand the scale of military and naval expenditure. In fact, the troubles between Greece and Turkey are producing on a small scale the same financial embarrassments which England and Germany, Austria and Italy, the United States and Japan are now undergoing. Behind all are the corrupt machinations of a subsidised Press and the skilful operations of warlike contractors. But at present prices, with improving prospects, Greek loans seem to offer a fairly promising investment. Another interesting event, the Mexican centenary, reminds us of the great age of the veteran President Porfirio Diaz, and of the civil commotions which seem likely to break out when this remarkable figure passes from the political stage. Visitors to Mexico are always perplexed to decide whether material progress in the Republic rests upon a sufficient basis of intelligent civilisation. Even in the great towns the bulk of the population is mainly Indian, and the Spanish element cannot be said to give that stability to society which wise investors look for. Mexico may perhaps be classed with Brazil. It certainly does not offer as good security as Argentina.

THE STATISTICAL ABSTRACT—EXPENDITURE, DEBT, AND COMMERCE.

"The Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom in each of the last Fifteen Years from 1895 to 1909" (price 1s. 8d.) has just been issued. It is the most useful and convenient compendium of financial, commercial, and industrial figures published in this country, and I know of no foreign country which publishes anything of the same size that is comparable in utility. In the years here shown—i.e., between March 31st, 1896, and March 31st, 1910—the annual expenditure on the Army rose from 18 to 27 millions sterling, on the Navy from 19 to 35 millions, on the Civil Services (including education) from 19 to 40 millions, and on the total Supply services from a grand total of 71 millions to a grander total of 124 millions sterling! Meanwhile the National Debt, after rising from 628 millions in 1900 to 798 millions in 1903, had been reduced to 754 millions in 1909. Looking over this extraordinary chapter in our national finances, the most surprising things seem to be: (1) that the increase of taxation (thanks to general prosperity and the elasticity of the revenue) has been so much less than the increase of expenditure might have been expected to bring, and (2) that so considerable a fraction of the additions caused by the Boer war has already been removed by the operations of the National Debt Commissioners. The Sinking Fund in Mr. Asquith's hands worked marvels, and even Mr. Lloyd George, with all his embarrassment (naval lords, landlords, etc.), has managed to keep up a very respectable rate of debt redemption. I may add one other figure—the value of the total imports and exports of the United Kingdom has risen from 702 millions to 1,094 millions sterling. Among the big ports, London, Liverpool, Hull, and Manchester seem to have advanced most rapidly. Thus London's foreign trade has grown from 224 millions to 322 millions, Liverpool's from 186 millions to 298 millions, Hull's from 44 millions to 66 millions, and Manchester's from 13 millions to 43 millions sterling. A study of the figures confirms the saying that England is really one great free port, and that upon this fact our whole prosperity depends.

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Great Painting

ENGLAND is generally alleged to have lagged in the encouragement of the Arts, that of Painting in especial. Judged from the standpoint of the number of public galleries in these islands, and the quality of their contents, this reproach has been only too well justified in the past, and even if recent years have seen the advent of a wider and, we may even allow, a wiser policy in this direction, the neglect of generations is not to be remedied in a day.

Opportunities for serious study of the greatest artistic effort of all Nations abound among us none the less, but of the astonishing number of great pictures in this country the most part are jealously locked within a thousand great houses scattered throughout its length and breadth. To the ordinary student, unable to travel abroad, or even, to any great extent, at home, and without the *entrée* to these private Collections, opportunities for studying the history of Painting as a whole are therefore limited to the London Galleries. Trafalgar Square, South Kensington, The Wallace Collection, Hampton Court, and the minor Galleries in the vicinity contain between them an array of great Paintings the value of which no honest critic can gainsay. But what idea of Botticelli or Raphael—to name two painters whose work is by no means unfairly represented in London—can even these opportunities afford? A thousand books may indeed be consulted, but, up to a point, one might often wish that the majority of these had never been written—much less illustrated. Second-hand opinions, and tit-bits in the form of "half-tone" plates may furnish dinner-talk a trifle less banal than the usual: as mental provender, or the material on which to base digested and intelligent opinion, this pabulum is of a nature to make thinking angels weep.

But while many justifiable tears may be expended over the limitations which public neglect in the past has thus imposed on the average student of our nation, and especially the provincial student, the story of Art Education in England offers one remarkable spectacle. It was the least artistic nation in Europe which, some seventy years ago, produced, and during half a century supported, the Arundel Society, an association which in its day published the better part of 200 large plates, reproducing, in as near a facsimile as the printer's craft could then compass, a catholic series of the greatest Paintings, chiefly from the Galleries and Churches of Italy.

Admirable as was the work thus done, photography arrived to demonstrate its weakness and so to destroy the Society. But the seed was sown, and its results are still patent. If modern England cannot paint, or cannot appreciate its own paintings, its purse is constantly open to purchase "reproductions" of every kind. The pity has, heretofore, been that these "reproductions" have seldom justified the name.

Photography, which betrayed the essential falsity of the methods of the old lithographer, was itself to serve a long apprenticeship. But, unlike all other mimetic "processes," the inescapable fact of photography is that an adequate camera, honestly manipulated, cannot lie. Relative finality is therefore the concomitant of its success, and THE MEDICI PROCESS of reproducing paintings in direct colour-collotype may justly be said not only to produce facsimiles of the originals, but to have reproduced these for once and all. This fact was noted very clearly by *The Burlington Magazine* in an article in its issue for October, 1909:—"Prints like this, which are at once true in general effect, and can stand the test of the microscope in their details, can never be superseded." At the same time, these facsimiles are available for all:—"Nothing of the kind so cheap has ever been issued before." *The Times* has repeated the same judgment: "The perfection with which this Medici Process reproduces the forms, the colours, and the touch of . . . painters . . . is little short of amazing. It would require a very exact comparison, side by side, to show the difference between the famous . . . as here reproduced and the originals." Nor can the words of *The Morning Post* be overlooked: "The values and relations of colour can be more truthfully facsimiled, and you have more the sense of possessing a reduced replica, than a mere mechanical copy." Of certain "Drawings" by Albert Dürer the same journal said that "glazed, and with the margin hidden, it would be difficult for an expert to detect the difference. The extraordinary fidelity to the originals can perhaps be fully appreciated only by those who know that wonderful series. The water-colours are particularly successful, though one would imagine they were impossible to render by any process."

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